

Mary M. Talbot 2.1



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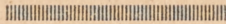
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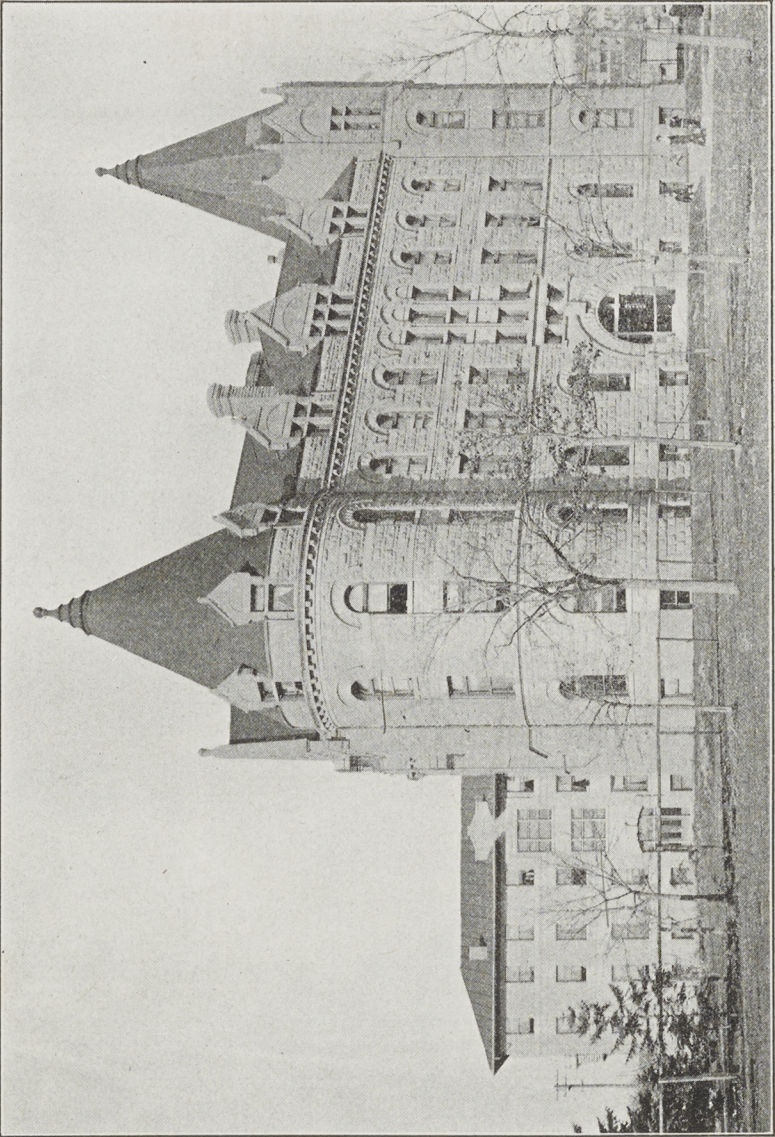
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No. 5

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CONVOCATION NUMBER



Dedication

In this, the second dedication
of a Convocation Number, to

"Our Soldiers"

the sons of our Alma Mater, the students of Wesley College desire not only to cheer, but to pay tribute to the common heroism: the long endurance, the devoted obedience, the close-banded life of self-sacrifice of the men who have marched breast forward.

For the battle that is ever on, never ceases, and lacks the tonic of visible conquest, in their own lives we pray

"Our Sons Be Strong."



VOX STAFF 1917-1918

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A Valedictory Message.

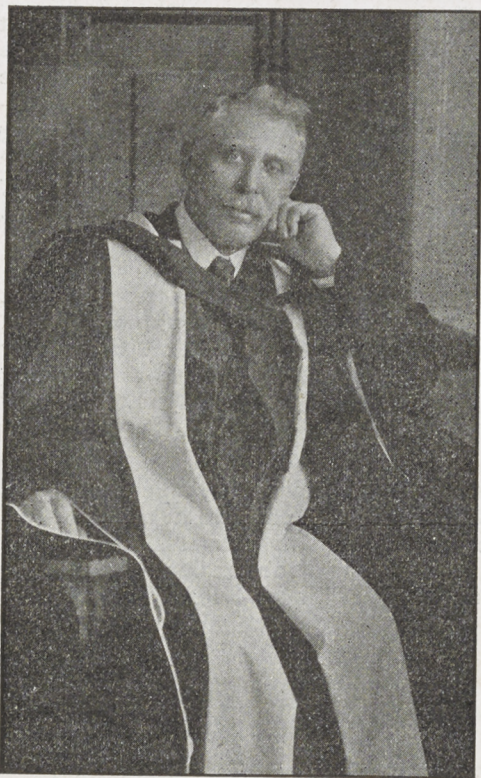
By Principal Riddell

THE CALL OF THE WORLD

The world is today calling loudly. The world has always called. The world is not one. In the stretch of the years two worlds have called, one has called passionately, persistently, perpetually to the lower baser side of man's nature, urging him to seek his satisfaction in earthly goods. It has constrained men, greedy for the quick returns of profit.

To draw a circle premature
Heedless of gain,

And when men have heeded its clamorous call and have



found its promises all sadly illusive, then their pleading world has turned and with unfeeling eyes has mocked its poor deluded victim. This same treacherous deceptive unsatisfying world calls today. Through God given qualities it appeals to you, promising you wealth and place and power, if you will only hear its call. Hear it not. Heed it not. Obey it not. It has not in it the elements which can finally satisfy the human soul.

There is another world calling. Its cry is not heard in the streets. It does not speak to the fleshly feelings, the passing passions nor the temporal tendencies. Quietly, silently it goes back into the depths of the human soul and there speaks to that within us which is truly Man. It calls by its **needs**, not by

its words, only as the words express the needs. There are wrongs in life that must be righted. There are lusts and passions in life that must be conquered. There are oppressions in life that must be broken. There are inequalities in life that must be levelled up. Men are enslaved and must be freed. Commerce and industry have been shackled and must be liberated. Politics and religion have been turned to unholy and selfish purposes and must find again their natural and noble channels. In short the world is struggling into larger life and diviner expression and calls to you to help it to reach

its destined place. To be able to hear this call and respond to its ennobling appeals and to aid the old world in realizing its sacred destiny men must have certain definite qualities and specific attitudes.

First, men must have faith in God, not simply a knowledge of God and a belief in the existence of a Great First Cause which orders the Universe according to unerring law, but they must have faith in an all wise Father who is fondly seeking to direct the world of men according to the principles of love, to the realization of their highest and noblest selves.

Secondly, men must have faith in man, and in the greatness of his destiny. Man is no plaything. He is not a tool, not an instrument, no man's slave. He is a person made in God's image often debased frequently degraded, always below his destined level, but capable of glorious heights and splendid achievements.

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with Glory and Honor and hast set him over the works of thy hands." Men must believe that the greatest thing in life is not industry, commerce and trade, not railroads, banks nor corporations but a great noble throbbing person called man groping blindly his way towards light, life and liberty. It is at this call of the world that men put their hands into the hands of their toiling fellows and help them up the rugged heights to this plain of peace, power and progress.

Thirdly to hear this call, men must be willing to sacrifice all that is commonly called great in life and seek by the lowly path of patient service in season and out of season to help men to attain their glorious destiny. The call of this nobler world demands the greatest self denial and offers it maybe the cross, at the end, but this world is still saved by its Calvarys.

As the graduates of Wesley College go to the solemn task of living out a life, I trust they will always have ears to hear the call of this better world and be always ready and willing fearlessly and nobly to address themselves to the sacred task of answering with a glad "Here am I, send me" to the call of this aching world.





Abbott, W. F.	'12	Class (M. C.)	Capt. 11th Field Amb.
Atchison, W. S.	Theo. '19		Army Medical Corps
Adamson, M. C.	'12	(Returned)	Lieut. C. A. M. C.
Aikins, G. H.	'07		Major D. S. O.
Aldritt, W. A.	Matric.	(Wounded and prisoner)	8th Batt.
Andrews, A. H. J.	'10	(Wounded)	Lieut. 8th Batt.
Andrews, J. B.	'14		50th Batt.
Andrews, W. E.	'19		Corporal C. A. S. C.
Argue, R. F.	'11		Capt. Y. M. C. A., Hindhead
Arthur, J. M.	'16	(Wounded and Returned)	51st Batt.
Asseltine, J.			Strathcona Horse
August, A. W.	'18	(Wounded)	C. A. M. C. Eastbourne
August, Howard	'15		Royal Flying Corps
Auld, J. Currie	Matric.		
Austmann, K. J.	'14	(Returned)	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Bailey, E.	Theo. '16		No. 1 Can. Base Hospital
Balding, R. A.		(Wounded)	44th Batt.
Baldwinson, E. G.	Matric.		
Ball, R. H.	Theo. '17		10th Field Ambulance
Balls, G. A.	Lecturer		Capt. Royal Infantry School
Banfield, Percy	Matric.		McGill Siege Battery
Banks, W.	'14		78th Battalion
Banting, C. A.			C. A. M. C.
Baragar, Dr. C. A.	'10		Capt. C. A. M. C.
Baragar, Fred.	'14		C. F. A.
Barker, W. F.	M. '16		
Bartlett, H. V.	M. '18	(Discharged)	203rd Batt.
Bell, L. R.	'14		4th C. C. Hospital
Bellsmith, F. M. (Rev.)	T'08		Chaplain
Best, G. C.			61st Batt.
Bissett, P. W.	Matric.	(Killed)	Motor Machine Gun
Brett, W.	M. '18		Cadet R. F. C.
Briggs, T. L.	'16	(Died of Wounds)	5th Batt.
Bright, C.			Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Bridgeman, F.	'16	(Killed)	102nd Battalion
Bridgeman, Dr. M. C.		(Returned)	C. A. M. C.
Brown, R. R. J.	'00	(Killed)	Major 2nd Contingent
Bryers, B.	'16	(Wounded and discharged)	R. N. A. S.
Butchart, T. J. L.	'19	(Killed)	19th Reserve
Cameron, Lloyd	M. '13		Lieut. 27th Batt.
Cameron, G. B.	M. '13		Lieut. 212th Batt.
Campbell, A. H.	M. '12		P. P. C. L. I.
Campbell, M. L.	'16		27th Battalion
Campbell, Dr. J. W.	Lecturer		C. O. T. C., Toronto
Cann, A. W.	M. '16		Field Ambulance
Carey, T.	Matric.		34th Fort Garry Horse
Carrothers, W. A.	'16		Capt. 44th Batt.
Cavers, H. M.	'19	(Discharged)	Y. M. C. A.
Chambers, E.	Theo.		11th Field Ambulance
Childerhose S.	'17		Strathcona Horse
Ching, Richard	M. '09	(Prisoner)	27th Batt.
Churchill, H. S.	'15	(Wounded)	Strathcona Horse
Churchill, Gordon	'18		Machine Gun Section
Combe, C. V.	'10	(Wounded, prisoner, repatriated)	8th Batt.
Connelly, H.	T. '17		
Connelly, J.	M. '17		221st Battalion
Cooke, C. G.	'17		1st C. M. R.
Cooke, A. C.	'17		10th Canadian Siege Battery
Cooper, J. E.	'17	(Wounded)	11th Field Amb.
Cooper, J. A.	M. '16	(Wounded)	11th Field Amb.
Corbin, Stanley	M. '16	(gassed)	11th Field Ambulance
Coxworth, H. W.	'12		Ammunition Column
Creswell, H.	T. '17		Corporal C. A. M. C.
Crook, H.	'15		Lieut. Headquarter's Staff, C.E.T.D.

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Cross, J. E.	'15	(Wounded, gassed)	1s. C. M. R.
Crummy, W. T.	'13	(Killed)	29th Batt.
Crummy, R. B.	'13	(Returned)	P. P. C. I. I.
Crummy, Eber.	'18	(Wounded)	Sergt. 43rd Batt.
Cuddy, T. H.	M. '13		Lieut. British War Office
Cuddy, W. A.	'16		Machine Gun Corps
Culver, A. F.	'10		Major 29th Batt.
Culver, G. W.			196th Re-enforcement
Cunningham, E.	'15		4th Casualty Clearing Hospital
Dafce, E. E.	Matric.		Stratconca Horse
Davey, E.	M. '18	(Killed)	
Davis, Webster	'20		196th Re-enforcement
Daykin, A. N.	'06	(M. C.)	Lieut. 7th Battalion
Deacon, L. J.	M. '13	(Died)	Lieut. A. S. C.
Dennison, H. H.	'14		Captain Y. M. C. C.
Dickinson, E.	Matric.		Captain C. A. M. C.
Dixon, H. C.	'09	(Returned)	Capt. A. M. C.
Dobbyn, Ivan.	'19		C. F. A.
Doran, Dr. C. W.	'98		C. M. R., M. O.
Douglas, S. G.	M. '15		Engineers
Dawson, G. W.	T. '15		249th Batt.
Duffin, Earl.			Major
Duncan, C.	Matric.		4th C. C. Hosp.
Dunfield, Eber.		(Returned)	Capt. Munition Dept., Ottawa
Durnin, R. W.	'19		Can. Heavy Artillery
Dyson, G. H.	'17	(Wounded)	Lieut. 54th Battalion
Eggertson, W.	'19		Sergt.
Einarsson, J.	'14		Lieut. 1st C.M.R.
Einarsson, J.	'14		Md. Conting.
Elliott, R. H.	Matric.		11th Reserve Bat.
Elliott, R. K.	'14		Lieut. 100th Batt.
Enright, L. E.	'17		
Evans, E. C.	T. '16		1 Can. Gen. Hosp. Fr.
Ewert, A.	'14		Lieut. Machine Gun Depot
Fargey, J. S.	M. '15	(Wounded)	Signalling Base
Farquhar, J.			Royal Flying Corps
Ferguson, Frank.	'17		R. F. C., Toronto
Ferguson, V. S.	M. '15	(Returned)	P. P. C. I. I.
Ferguson, J.			Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Fisher, J. T.	'18	(Killed)	Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Footte, E. H.	M. '14	(Returned)	Lieut. 221st Batt.
Forster, J.	Matric.		34th Fort Garry Horse
Gable, W. G.	'14		
Gable, V.	'15		11th Reserve Batt.
Gardiner, J. A. S.	'14		Lieut. Machine Gun Depot
Geach, T. W.	T. '17		Sergt. C. A. M. C.
Gibben, J. E.	'15	(Wounded and Returned)	Lieut. 107th Batt.
Gibben, Paul.	M. '17	(Gassed)	Machine Gun Corps
Gilchrist, E.	M. '16	(Discharged)	Field Amb.
Graham, M. E.	'21		C. A. M. C.
Graham, G. D.			
Graham, Gordon.	Matric.		Sergt-Major 12th Field Ambulance
Graham, E. M.	T. '20		Depot Battalion
Graham, H. C.	'19	(Returned)	Sergt. C. A. M. C.
Graham, H.	'20		Depot Battalion
Graham, E. M.	Theo. '20		
Graves, J. W.	T. '15		Capt. Y.M.C.A. England
Green, Cornelius	'20		76th Battery
Grey, H. L.	M. '16		Cadet R. F. C.
Griffin, L.	Matric.		53rd Batt.
Griffin, E.	Matric.		4th C. C. Hospital
Griffith, W. L.	M. '15	(Killed)	P. P. C. L. I.
Grigg, G. G.	'17		11th Field Amb.
Grills, N.	M. '14		M. T. C. A. S. C.
Groff, H. K. Dr.	M. '08		Capt. C. A. M. C.
Gunn, W. G.	M. '14		Stratconca
Hall, W. E.	'19		Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Halsted, C. N.	'18		Field Ambulance
Ham, Ira.			Lieut. 226th Batt.
Hare, D. S.	M. '13		12th Field Ambulance
Harvey, Thos.			101st Batt.
Hawley, W. A.	T. '15		C. A. M. C.
Hazel, Jno.	M. '18		196th Batt.
Henderson, J. Gordon.			Sergt. 1st Trench Mortar
Henry, Brock.	'14		Lieut. Machine Gun Corps
Hewitt, John R.	'14		Divisional Signallers
Honnor, C.			C. A. M. C.
Howey, J. V.	'11		
Huddleston, W. M.	M. '17		C. A. M. C.
Irvine, Wesley.			226th Batt.
Irvine, F. S. C.	Matric.		
Irwin, W. A.	'19		10th Can. Siege Battery
Jackson, G. H.	'16		Machine Gun Corps
Jackson, J. L.			11th Field Ambulance

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Jakeman, H.	203rd Batt.
Johnson, H.'12	Lieut. 108th Batt.
Johnson, T. W.'13	(Wounded, Discharged).....93rd Batt.
Johannson, J.'13	Lieut. R. F. C.
Johanneson, Connie.	44th Batt.
Jonasson, J. T.'12	Lieut. 108th Batt.
Jones, O. A.M'15	(Killed).....Strathconas
Kane, P.'12	
Keeler, K. P.'13	Lieut. 5th Batt.
Keeton, A. W.'15	(Discharged).....196th Battalion
Kelly, Magnus.'15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Kennedy, J. H. M.M'98	(Killed).....Lieut. C. M. R.
Kent, H. K.	12th Field Ambulance
Kerr, S. H.'11	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Kerr, C. E.	5th Batt.
Kerr, Oscar.Matric.	(Killed).....32nd Batt.
Kerster, G. M.	(Wounded, discharged).....44th Batt.
Kilborne, A.Matric.	Imp. Motor Transport
Kopec, A.Matric.196th Batt
Latchford, C. L.'21	(Killed).....78th Battalion
Leach, H.'19	Sergt. Field Amb.
Lee, G. H.'14	(Ret'd on Leave) Lieut. Machine Gun Corps
Lee, Ed.T'17	Corporal C. A. M. C.
Leech, Hart.	(Killed).....Lieut. C. M. R.
Leitch, R. C.M'15	(Killed).....P. P. L. I.
Lewtas, G. E.'16	Imp. Motor Transport
Lindal, W.'11	(Returned).....Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Lindal, Skuli.223rd Batt.
Lindsay, C.M'12	(Discharged).....Strathconas
Little, M.M'13	(Returned).....C. A. M. C.
Lloyd, W.'18C. A. M. C.
Loft, A.'13	(Killed).....Lieut. 44th Batt.
Long, M.'16	Imp. Motor Transport
Long, E. S.'18	18th Reserve Batt.
Lord, Harold.	(Discharged).....144th Batt.
Lord, G. H.T'10196th Batt.
Lougheed, M.'12	(Returned).....Capt. C. A. M. C.
Lough, A. G.	Capt. C.A.D.C. 34th Batt.
Lovett, C. W.'19	(Killed).....1st Field Amb.
Lowery, E. W.'14	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
McArthur, J. A.M'15	Machine Gun Corps
McClung, J. W.Matric '13	P. P. C. L. I.
McColl, D. R.'16	M. T. A. S. C. German East Africa
McCool, C. W.'11	Lieut. 52nd Batt.
McCrimmon, J. R.	
McDonald, A.M'15	3rd C.C.C.S.
McGill, L. S.'11	Lieut. 29th Batt.
McHaffie, T. R.'17	1st C. M. R.
McKee, C.	203rd Batt.
McKelvey, M. T.M'17	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
McKenzie, E. W.M'15	(Wounded, Returned).....10th Batt.
McKenzie, B. A.	8th Batt.
McLachlan,	M'13	Sergt. Machine Gun Corps
McLean, R. B.M'15	Divisional Cyclists
McLean, W. L.	(Killed).....Major No. 2 C. C. C. S.
McLean, D. J. G.'14	(Returned).....C. A. M. C.
McMillan, A.M'16C. A. D. C.
McDonald, J. A.M'16	
Magwood, W. T. D.'06	1st Field Ambulance
Magwood, W. J.M'13	12th Field Amb.
Mann, W. L. Dr.'10	Capt. 3rd C.C.C.S., France
Markle, F. A.M'14	Med. College A.M.C.
Markham, E.M'11	Engineer Field Troop
Marlatt, C. E.Matric	
Mattnews, H.'20	Machine Gun
Maw, J.	Sergt. 12th Field Ambulance
Melvin, J. W., Lecturer.	Capt. Chaplain
Menzie, A. F.	2nd Lieut. 43rd R.F.A.
Milligan, A. A.'13	(Killed).....8th Batt.
Miller, W.'12C. A. D. C.
Mills, G. C.Matric.	(Killed).....Lieut. R. F. C.
Milner, Roy.'12C. A. S. C.
Minaker, J.	78th Batt.
Minnish, H.'15	3rd Contingent
Mitchell, J. C.'12	(Killed).....Captain
Moore, W.	183rd Batt.
Moore, A.	(Teacher).....Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Moore, T. Kells.'08	221st Battalion
Montgomery, J.'19	Sergt. Field Ambulance
Morgan, E. H.'17	(Wounded).....Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Morris, D.T'16	Sergt. 10th Field Amb.
Morten, Adam.T'18	10th Field Ambulance
Morrison, H.	(Killed).....203rd Battalion

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Mosley, T. A.	Capt. Chaplain Serv., London
Mountford, W.'13	(Wounded M. M. M. C.) Lieut. 44th Batt.
Muloch, R. H.	(D.S.O.) Sign. Commander R.M.A.S.
Mutch, L. A.M'151st C. M. R.
Murchison, J. M.Theo.210th Batt.
Murphy, C. C.M'16Artillery
Murray, B. M.'19	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Musgrove, W. W.	Major 4th Casualty Clearing House
Muttart, H. C.M'1611th Field Amb.
Nason, W.'12	(M. C.) Capt. 9th Nott. & Derby
Nason, Bert.'17	(Killed) Strathcona Horse
Naylor, J. B.Theo.	Chaplain 191st Batt.
Nelson, J. E.'16	(Killed) 13th Field Battery
Newman, H. A.'15	(Twice wounded) Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Nicholson, J. R. W.	(Returned) Capt. 12th Field Ambulance
Nicholson, W. S.M'17	(Returned) C. A. M. C.
Norris, F. G.T'17	
Oliver, Claude.'16	(Killed) Cyclist
Olson, B. Dr.'16	Capt. 223rd Batt.
Ponnell, Roy.M'13	
Parrish, F.Matric.	Capt.
Parsons, R. C.'13	Strathconas
Parkinson, H.Matric.	(Wounded) 34th Fort Garry Horse
Parkinson, Ash.	(Wounded, discharged)
Patience, H. L.T'16	(Killed) 61st Batt.
Patterson, D. A.'17	11th Field Ambulance
Patterson, D. R.'11	
Paulson, B. M.'15	223rd Batt.
Pavy, W. H.T'13	Military Sec. Y.M.C.A.
Pedlar, A.'20	C. A. M. C.
Petty, T.'19	10th Field Ambulance
Pilling, H.'16	Depot Battalion
Phillips, D. C.'10	R. F. C.
Pollard, A.'17	C. A. M. C.
Popham, C.M'13	Lieut. 61st Batt.
Popham, E.'13	(Killed) Lieut. Motor Transport Depot
Reedman, A.Matric.	196th Batt.
Reedman, W. E.'15	(Killed) Lieut. 73rd Batt.
Rice, R.'17	(Killed) Lieut. 61st Batt.
Rice, Hugh.M'14	
Richardson, W. H.M'11	Engineer Field Corps
Ridd, J. E.'17	(Wounded, Returned) 8th Battalion
Rivers, H.'17	11th Field Ambulance
Robb, Miss M.'15	Capt. W. A. C.
Roberts, E.T'16	11th Field Ambulance
Robins, G. E.'20	C. A. M. C.
Robinson, V.Matric.	(Wounded) Lieut.
Roblin, W. L.'99	Major 61st Batt.
Rose, Arthur'16	(Killed) 46th Battalion
Rosen, D.'16	
Ross, F. E.Matric.	
Ross, J.M'14	(Killed) Strathconas
Rumions, W. D.'17	(Wounded) Sergt. 44th Battalion
Scarlett, E. P.'16	Machine Gun Corps
Scarth, W. B.'16	Sergt. 183rd Batt.
Scott, D. N.M'15	(Killed) 27th Batt.
Schultz, S.'15	Machine Gun Depot
Sellar, H. F.Matric.	(Wounded) Havre, France, C.A.D.C.
Sharples, F. A.T'17	
Shields, P. R.	Capt. 90th Batt.
Sigurdson, J. K.	197th Batt.
Simpson, W. H.T'19	C. A. M. C.
Simpson, F. L.'12	(Killed) Capt. 53rd Batt.
Sirrett, E. T.'08	(Wounded) 46th Battalion
Sisler, W. J.	Lieut.
Smith, H. W.M'17	
Smith, Colin.T'17	(Killed) 8th Batt.
Smith, C. R.'16	2nd Lieut. P. O. Rifles
Smith, W. W. B.M'11	Lieut. 100th Grenadiers
Somerville, A.	(Wounded)
Speirs, K.M'15	
Spier, H. F.	(Killed) L. Corp. 27th Batt.
Spenceley, J. A.	(Lecturer) Y. M. C. A., India
Stacey, H. C.	(Wounded)
Stacey, F. H.M'18	C. A. M. C.
Stefanson, S. B.	Lieut. 44th Batt.
Stewart, R. G.M'16	(Prisoner of War) Lieut. Royal Flying Corps

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Stewart, J. H.	M'17	(Wounded)	English Field Troop
Stephenson, R. L.	M'17	(Wounded)	10th Field Ambulance
Streat, S.	'19	(Wounded)	Corps of Guides
Strindlund, J. A.	'15	(Discharged)	(Killed M. M.)
Swail, R. W.	'16		
Swain, S.	'18		
Tallin, G. P. R.	'14		
Tapp, L. C.	Matric	(Discharged)	
Tees, P. C.	'19	(Killed)	
Thomas, H. H.	'14	(Wounded, returned)	
Thomas, N.	'19	(M. M.)	
Thomson, J.	'14		
Tomlinson, G. J.	'14		
Thompson, S. D.	Matric		
Thorkakson, P.	M'17		
Thorarinsson, J.			
Thorsteinson, D.			
Underhill, R. J.	M'15		
Verner, J. D.	(M.C.)		
Verinder, F. H.			
Waite, Fred.	T'16		
Wallace, J. M.	M'16		
Warkentein, B.	'14		
Warman, A. J.	T'17		
Watson, H. G.	'16		
Watterson, C. T.	T'16		
Webster, N. C.	T'18		
Westwood, F. W.	T'12		
White, J. L.	M'16		
White, G. W. D.	'19		
Wilkinson, S. Rev.	'99		
Williams, J.			
Williams, J. L.			
Williams, J. W. H.	'17		
Williamson, F. S.	M'11		
Wilson, N. R. Dr.			
Winkler, H. W.	'12		
Witty, R. W.	'14		
Woo'gate, E. J.	M'15		
Wooton, F. E.	M'13		
Wright, L. R.			
Young, R. B.			



LIEUT. J. T. FISHER
In Memoriam



Once more it is our duty to record the death of one of Wesley's men, who has sacrificed his life in the great struggle. Lieut. Fisher enlisted at the close of his Freshman year in 1915 with the 61st Battalion. Receiving a commission, he was very successful in recruiting his company in the 226th Battalion.

In England he was transferred to the 43rd Battalion. On Aug. 31st, 1917, after but a few days in the trenches, he was fatally wounded by a high explosive shell and died on the way to the hospital. His body was buried in the cemetery at Aix Noullette.

Jack entered the Wesley Matriculation class in 1912, and won a scholarship each of the three matric. years, as well as in first year arts.

His years at Wesley were marked by brilliant attainments, and earnestness of purpose, for he was a student volunteer. The '18 class especially at the time of their graduation mourn the loss of him, the first member of their class to fall, but tho' gone from us, his influence still lives.

A BRIEF MESSAGE TO WESLEY'S SOLDIER BOYS

At the annual Graduates' Farewell at Wesley College recently, the absence of six members of the '18 class in Arts was particularly noticed. The absentees were, of course, August, Churchill, Crummy, Halstead, Long and Tapp who are now with you. Although years have passed since they, with the rest of you, went away, they are still members of active sort in this year's graduating group and those of us who were fortunate enough to know them, associate them still with their class, as well as with their college, and do so quite properly.

This remembering of this group of Wesley boys is with us merely an instance of almost common occurrences. Throughout this year at all our gatherings we have given expression to the thoughts that continually crowd our minds concerning you. Our words on all occasions have for the most part expressed only incoherently and only partially the emotions that are aroused in us whenever we think about you—after all, the judgments of the mind and their outward expressions can never do justice to the heart and all that it feels. And yet we have found a sort of relief in the seemingly perfunctory lip-service. A lip-service, we must confess, it has to a certain extent been because we have fallen so far short in practice of the ideals that your lives have suggested to us and of which we have so glibly spoken. **Prefunctory** perhaps it has been because it has been so often repeated and because of our limitations in language. But only seemingly has it been all this, because in our very souls we have desired to be something else than we are and we have sought to perform other acts than those we did in earlier days, because we have felt and still feel that our lives and our modes of living are utterly selfish, utterly unworthy unless influenced by you. If you have brought to our lips the language of service and sacrifice so often that we seem guilty of innumerable platitudinous utterances, you have also taught our hearts a desire unutterable for augmented worth.

Whenever any of you, Wesley boys, left your homes here more or less desolate, in order to help the hearth fires of other homes to live, we have experienced a variety of impulses. Some of us have felt a sort of institutional delight. Here are boys brave enough to live out in life the ideals that come to them through their collegiate and college training. Others again have given your innate ideas and the ideals imparted to you by your home life their due place. Still others have entertained a sort of selfish pride: See, such are our companions and friends: 'For we were nursed upon the self same hill': in them therefore are reflected ideals similar to ours; and these have proceeded to prattle to no end about personality and the worth of vicarious sacrifice. But in the minds of the majority of us at such moments of parting, another thought has resolved—a thought, call it partlyselfish if you will, but quite superior to the former kinds: Are present day ideals as displayed in the organizations of the earth so vastly more valuable than anything else—more valuable than life itself—that our boys, who so evidently embody great possibilities and who are so clearly on the verge of careers of great usefulness in the peaceful ways of life, must venture all for them? Surely they were meant to work on these wild acres and to contribute their assistance to all of us here among whom their lot in life was cast.

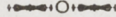
But this querulous questioning of our spirits although not entirely answered, has been completely silenced. For during all the time that has passed since you went away—and for us the time has been terribly long—since you went away determined to die if need be in order that ideals might live—for your insight saw that ideals are dead unless individuals inform them with life—the aid that we had anticipated from you has continually been ours and this to an unexpected degree and indeed of a kind absolutely unique. You will not readily see—for your modesty forbids it—how it is that the letters, you have sent home to us—and in your kindness they have been many despite your arduous duties and difficult circumstances—are prized by those of us that receive them; to what extent they bind together those of us that otherwise would be almost strangers to one another; in what an amazing manner your mere mention of your Alma Mater—and generally you make more than a casual reference—infuses a new sort of *esprit de corps* into our student group which although now greatly diminished in numbers, is endeavouring in its humble way 'to carry on' in accordance with the student traditions of Wesley College that you, before your departure, had such a large share in shaping. Your words although they surely come from places where darkness lowers most densely over the earth and where unreason surely in its manifold manifestations is most rife, convey to our dull uneventful days a contribution of sweetness and light. Your letters, these human true expressions of what you essentially are constitute for us a literature of everlasting value.

Whether you live through your awful ordeal or die with the zest for service still unabated it will always, we know, be well with you. Additional years of living cannot corrupt hearts that have avoided the insidious temptations of peace and that have equally well withstood the far more terrible tests of war. And if you die, we feel in the very fibres of our souls that nothing can harm you, for no evil can ever come to the good. And yet for those of you that have gone to the Great Beyond we feel an infinite regret and ineffable yearning. We are assured that no prolongation of their lives could have increased their worth or realized their possibilities more adequately than in their 'crowded hour of glorious life' they had actualized them. Still we potently feel that injustice has been done that ought to be righted even if it involve a confusion of the universal fabric, that a colossal calamity has come and stalks to and fro upon the earth. We yearn for those that we have lost—lost temporarily only is our great hope—and what they are, we earnestly wish to become.

Those of you, Wesley boys whom either the opportunities of service or the serious effects of war have brought back to us, we have tried to welcome in a worthy manner. In this regard we have, of course, done no service, discharged no debt; rather have we sought to exercise a privilege assumed to be ours because of anterior acquaintance and we have selfishly aimed at our own improvement by associating as much as we could with these. But dear as those intermittent meetings have been to us and sacred the occasions of their coming, they can only be a mere earnest of the indescribable emotions that will awaken within us when the day of peace dawns on our war-weary earth, rendering possible your return *en masse*.

In the meantime we feel assured that you, Wesley boys, will continue to 'carry on' in conformity with the splendid traditions that members of your group have by their living and their dying so firmly established. No words of ours can convey to you the interest we have in you, the hopes we entertain concerning your safety and well being, the absolutely unique place that you hold in our hearts.

If to outsiders, under whose notice these powerless words perhaps will come, we seem to be found wanting as regards restraint in expression and reasonable balance in thought, we regret the annoyance and irritation caused to their academic tastes and aesthetic sensibilities. And yet if you, Wesley boys in camp and in trench, discern in these intentionally unadorned expressions a desire on our part to be genuine and true, and an eagerness to be as free and frank as offsprings of the Western prairies usually are and always ought to be, we shall be quite content. For then we shall feel that in a measure we have wafted to you a message that may remind you of the West where many of you were born and bred and which all of you dearly cherish because it has entered so much into the making of your lives, and whose wide acres extend to you now and forever all the ineffably sweet welcome of home. To remind you of your Wesley nook in this your vast western home was perhaps the principal purpose and the immediate object of these unpremeditated remarks.



"WITHIN THE LAW."

Miss Jorum Hinrikson, '16 and Lieut. Walter Lindal, '11 were married April 25. Miss Hinrikson is a student-at-law, articulated with the firm of Rothwell, Johnson and Bergman, Winnipeg. Before going overseas, Lieut. Lindal was practising law in Saskatoon.

Wesley extends heartiest congratulations to Lieut. and Mrs. Lindal.



Wesley Grads.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE," JAN. 1918.



CAPT. H. DENNISON

LIEUT. E. MORGAN '17

PTE. E. P. SCARLETT '16

PTE. H. JACKSON '16

PTE. A. CUDDY '16



STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL 1917-1918

BACK ROW: A. Carruthers, T. '18; D. Chapman '19; D. Ross, M. R. Craig '18; J. George '20; B. Mills '21. MIDDLE ROW: I. Wain '18; Mr. Harriet '19; Miss V. Patrick '18; A. Lavender, T. '18; Miss I. Thompson '18; Prof. Johnson '18; W. Gray. BOTTOM ROW: Miss Card, M. '18; Miss Edwards '20; J. McDonald M. '20; Miss Anderson, B. A.; Miss M. Dent '18.

"VOX STAFF" 1918-19

A variety of exclamations greeted the appointment of the staff for Vox 1918-19. One senior student exclaimed "a leap in the dark" another said "You never know what will happen" then the voice from fiery cloud-capped Sinai in tones of solemnity and finality, Ah! you be careful! What of the future Vox! The appointed persons claim no outstanding literary or business ability and are themselves wondering what they will do with this opportunity for self expression. If the worthy seniors examine the list they will probably, to their astonishment, find one or two scholarship holders, several who have already made their debut in literary matters, and more than one who constantly see A or A plus written in red on class essays. This staff like all its predecessors, has ability, enthusiasm, originality and though with modesty and nervousness it accepts the apportioned duties the "Voice" of Wesley's future may confidently be left to the blending of their tuneful notes.

There are other voices around these halls more intrepid and venturesome than the Seniors. These spirits who indulge in baptisms of water as well as baptisms of fire conversed learnedly and in secret on hearing of the appointed staff.

"Now for a little sport."

"Convention beware."

"Originality, however garbed, welcome art thou."

"Thou heroic Wesleyite, daubed with the gore and mud of the battlefields of Europe speak to us."

"Hence, loathed melancholy,
In dark cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But com, thou Goddess fair and free,
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple's sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both its sides."

"Grouch will have a voice in these affairs."

Then a maiden fair and sweet in clear melodious note spoke,

"The Sparling Hall dozen are already thinking of the Soprano and Contralto in that famous Voice of Wesley's future."

Of these things we are not aware. No promises are made, but the students of Wesley and the generous supporters of Vox may with such a staff look forward to a recognition of ability whether in matric or the final years, a broad tolerance that would publish a Shelley's outpourings and a sweet reasonableness that accepts the inevitable and makes the best of what is.

For these things we look and shall not be disappointed.

A Voice from the Underworld

THE FACULTY—AN APPRECIATION

By Ephraim F. Morrow, Theo. '20

In the course of the College year the students have the doubtful pleasure but undoubted privilege of hearing what the Faculty's feelings are towards them. In love affairs where the expressions of opinion are confined to the one side the courtship inevitably grows monotonous. By analogy we may conclude that the same law obtains in the relationship existing between the Professors and the students, therefore there must be a measure of reciprocity.

The members of the Faculty are ladies and gentlemen of great faith. Some well-meaning people have rather limited views as to what is necessary in order to be a successful professor. It is generally thought that copious stores of learning and an ability to impart it are the only essentials. But that is not true, there are other requisites. Without faith, for instance, it is impossible to be a professor. Year after year fresh students arrive. The supreme question with the professor is, will these students after they have passed through the refining fires of the educational purgatory come forth as gold? If at this critical moment faith were to fail no amount of erudition could save the situation. No person understands so well as does a professor the inner meaning of the classic definition of faith—"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The members of the Wesley Faculty have this Saving Faith.

One is impressed with the liberal spirit that pervades the Wesley Faculty. If Shelley had come to Wesley College as it is constituted at present, and if he had presented to the members of the Faculty his celebrated pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism," what would have happened? Would they have treated him as did their brethren of Oxford? We hardly think so. In imagination we can hear the Faculty discussing the case. We can see Dr. Stewart animated by his tolerant spirit smiling benevolently over the top of his spectacles. We can hear the Hibernian tones of Dr. Elliott saying, "He's thinking it through gentlemen, he's thinking it through." Professor Johnson would rise and say "Shelley is exemplifying the spirit of the ancient Greeks, he is ardent in the pursuit of truth." Dr. Allison would be sure to see the humorous side and Shelley would be retained in the bosom of Wesley. Both the Arts and theological professors are to be commended for their broad and progressive views, and for the encouragement which they give to individual expression.

As students, we feel that we owe to those ladies and gentlemen a deep debt of gratitude. Under their kindly and efficient guidance, we have travelled much in the realms of gold and have entered many goodly kingdoms. For us they have made the mighty host live again, they have romanticized the present, and have inspired us for the future.

The grim necessities of the hour have sadly depleted our student members, yet the professors have refused to grow discouraged. With an admirable spirit they have pursued their task, and the session now drawing to a close has seen some splendid work done.

There has radiated from the Faculty a potent influence. By precept and life they have inculcated lofty ideas, and we are better for having met them.

Between the members of the Faculty and the students, there exists a very kindly feeling. It never has been better. May the passing years see its increase but never its decrease.

RETIRING FROM THE FACULTY MARY COYNE ROWELL

It was in the fall of 1910, eight academic years ago, that Miss Mary Coyne Rowell, B. A., an honor graduate at Toronto University, in moderns, came to Wesley College as lecturer in French and German. For several years after her appointment, Miss Rowell enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman teacher on our staff. She lent her dignity and grace to the Wesley faculty when it was in the period of its greatest expansion in the days of Principal Sparling and he and all his brother professors appealed to Miss Rowell when



any knotty question in etiquette came up for consideration. From her first year at Wesley she has acted as the special adviser in things temporal and spiritual, to all women students. Miss Rowell came into still closer connection with the girl students when, mainly as the result of her suggestion, the first Woman's Residence was established. During the two years in the Broadway residence and this last year at Sparling Hall, her work as Dean of

Women has greatly endeared her to those girls who were so fortunate as to be under her immediate influence. Those who live under the same roof with Miss Rowell know best her charm of personality and her ideal qualities of heart and soul. Her decision to resign her position at Wesley has been received with sincere regret by faculty and students and her friends here will follow her with prayers for her future success and with feelings of deepest gratitude and affectionate respect.

PERMANENT ADDRESSES '18's

- Miss I. E. Connolly—685 Furby St., Winnipeg, Man.
- " M. E. Dent—Wawanesa, Manitoba.
- " A. V. Patrick—Souris, Manitoba.
- " M. M. Willoughby—126 Selikirk Ave., Winnipeg.
- " Miss I. Thompson—79 Carlton St., Winnipeg.
- G. E. Braithwaite—Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.
- A. R. Cragg—Craik, Sask.
- W. H. Gray—Swan River, Manitoba.
- R. L. McCrea—Hearne, Sask.
- V. O. Watts—226 Vaughan St., Winnipeg, Man.
- A. I. A. Carruthers—Oakville, Manitoba.
- A. F. Lavender—Elm Creek, Manitoba.
- W. T. Wotton—Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.
- * On Active Service
- Sgt. E. Crummy—Moosejaw, Sask. *
- Pte. L. C. Tapp—Virden, Man. *
- " E. Long—Virden, Man. *
- " C. N. Halstead—149 Parkview, Winnipeg, Man. *
- " G. Churchill, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba *
- " A. W. August—Carman, Man. *

WESLEY'S CLASS '18—TWENTY YEARS HENCE

It was on the first of April 1918 that I commenced the series of strange experiments which were to provoke my imagination. I began at 5 p.m. by taking three acetophen tablets for my rheumatism, at 6 I took a cup of tea for hemicramania, at 7 a seidlitz powder for fermentations and at 7:30 a heavy dinner followed by cheese to stimulate digestion; at 10:30 I had two cups of cocoa followed by a small porterhouse steak and celery salad. Then I went to bed and in prospective agony invoked the goddess of prophecy thus:

"Thou squirming sibyl, wizened witch, vent none of thy squibbling spleen upon me, for I, oh treacherous tripod would but know what is to become of Wesley's Upper Ten in twice as many years from now. Where and how shall they be? living or dead? Transfused or translated? Like Enoch shall thy walk in good company or like the Wandering Jew shall they walk alone?

Anon I became comatose and about 3 a.m. was seized with a great pain: the muscles of my face twitched, my tongue grew thick, my arms seemed paralyzed, but the veil of the future was rent in twain and I saw things hitherto invisible to mortal sight:

"League upon league of rock-bound monotony; a bay, a lake, a river, an isle of a thousand lakes, and beside one of these in the heart of Labrador a tent in the door of which sits Braithwaite with her to whom he had been frankly "engaged" in 1916, and a chip off the old block playing with H No. 3 and H 2 50 4. Above the tent-door an inscription—"Braithwaite Fly Mask, with this mask I unite science and religion; without it the missionary could not bring hither his boxes of old clothes nor the trader his blessings and curses of civilization. Come, buy and be no longer stung."

"A long windy street on two sides of which is a town, at one end an elevator, at the other a school. A woman, "fat, fair and forty" approaches the principal's office. The diamond still glitters upon the third-finger-left, but is held in place by a plain gold band. She enters with winged words: "Hubby dear, I want you to run home and keep house. I am off to a Home Economics lecture and may be late—Now, you don't mean that, dearie, these women are not so bad as you think. I wish you could be a little more charitable in dealing with th weaknesses of others. It hurts me to hear anything unkind.—I'll forgive if you have supper ready and give little Irene Isabella her bath.

"A great metropolis, a church with dreamy spires beckoning heavenward. Crowds in a queue. In the pulpit a sleek rotund man with only the aquiline glance and irrepressible scalp-lock to prove that this is Cragg. Pellucid incisiveness and sparkling wit held his hearers spellbound, wise and foolish virgins adoring! Ever and anon one of the more fascinating of these catches his eye and holds it for a moment, and a flash of the red delight in the aesthetic returns."

"A quaint little country home with green shutters and white-washed walls; a school with windows on one side only; a little brick bath-house; on the piazza, Marion and an emancipated French-Canadian sitting in perfect contentment. Her mastery of French and her historic passion for the union of the two great races makes her the leader of the campaign against the "Revenge of the Cradles." She

and her Gaston vie with each other in cleansing and educating her adopted race. The same joyousness, the same lisp, but great danger of being kidnapped by the heirarchy."

"Venice and yet no Rialto, Naples without its odours, more water than the Grand Canal, higher hills than Vesuvius. On a foot-hill in full view of the immense smiling Pacific is Gray's Home for Friendless Women.' On the verandah Gray himself demonstrating. On his right shoulder is the V. C. won for rescuing an Australian aborigine from the Crown Prince; on his left shoulder his famous invention "Healing through Tears"—a rubber hot-water bottle, with a valvular opening in the top-centre over which is fastened some antiseptic gauze. As the abandoned ones weep over their "past" the tears flow into the bottle inflating it into a soft and easy pillow. Feeling their heads easier the victims grow cheerful and listen as William Henry tells of the happy land far far away from Nootka Sound."

A Mormon district prosperous and prolific. On the edge of the district near the forty-ninth parallel, a beautiful farm. Cattle as numerous as the sands of the sea. A house with seven wings built at different times. A car approaches from which McRea steps down jauntily. He halts as he notes seven different women beckoning from seven different doors. He is confused and seems depressed. 'The senate puts such obstacles in the way of divorce.'—'I've got it' 'To Reno I'll go.'—'Six months residence will dispose of each.' Six times seven." In three and a half years I shall be free as when I wiled away my time in Wesley College Library."

"Railway work-shops. Transcona, a philanthropic soup kitchen. A lady with a ladle in one hand and a philosophic tract in the other. It is Vera's belief that soup dilutes thought as hunger quickens it. She edits and prints her own tracts, makes her own soup and refuses the latter to those who will not read the former. Each tract is a self-contained thesis. Antinomy or antimony, which? Perfection and happiness, where? I think, therefore I am, who? What's what?"

"The capital of the middle west. A hospital for dyspeptic Jews beside the state university. A woman in widow's weeds and a cheerful smile cooking fat bacon. Gone is Kipling's theory that East is East and West is West and never destined to meet. Even the rabbis suspend their anathemas in the face of unpretentious public spirit. Ethel Irene merely asks why not eat Gentile meat when you read Christian philosophy? Besides you are getting it for nothing. It is provided by Wesley Y. W. C. A."

Ottawa itself! A great debate is on: "Resolved that the Senate should pass a self-denying ordinance." The leader of the Die-Hards is Watts, now Baron Vaughan. D.S.M. Both title and medal were won in the Great War; the former for recruiting a battalion of philosophic anarchists; the latter for kicking a pacifist. In defence of the senate and all other mouldering branches of the constitution, he is regarded as the last hope of the unbending Tones, a Red Reactionary champion of all solemn plausibilities inherited from Palaeolithic man."

"A beautiful meadow sloping towards a stream. In the midst of the meadow a huge marquee furnished with the usual benches, pulpit and sawdust. In the pulpit an enthusiastic woman preacher with a buoyant faith and a red handkerchief. Her ideals are those of Dr. French Oliver. She possesses unexcelled skill in expounding Satan's powers of imitation and intimidation. Rain or shine, she

pictures a lurid future for those who are not yet saved. At the climax she waves the red handkerchief and then ties it around her head. The faith of the whole class seems to be concentrated in Margaret May."

One wonders what joy she can find in the life of an itinerant evangelist and yet it may be as easy to bear the pains of others as to bear the agony of vicarious prophecy. Oh the nightmare! Never again!



DRAMATIC EXECUTIVE

J. GEORGE '20	A. PIGGOT '20
N. EDWARDS	V. O. WATTS '18
Vice & res.	Pres.
	R. McCartney '20



DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Cast of

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

R. RUTLEDGE	D. A. ROSS	V. Y. GREIGHTON
F. V. IBBETSON	M. DENT	M. TRUMPOUR
A. V. PIGGOT	W. M. THOMPSON	J. A. GEORGE

WAR'S HARVEST OF FAITH

By Private C. V. Combe, Wesley '10 Philosophy.
No. 238 8th Battalion Canadian Infantry, 90th Winnipeg Rifles,
"Little Black Devils."

Dear Old Vox:—

How shall I address you, old voice of Wesley, I who am returned from the brink of the grave? Shall I spread my finest verbal plumage, such as it is, in an effort to force your admiration? No, old Vox, I cannot do that for we, you and I, Old Vox, and those we love, are in the vortex of a world-war and, while we and ours suffer, we must be humble.



Pic. Coombe in German Prison Garb

But how shall I speak to you, Old Vox? and as I ask I seem to hear you whisper whimsically that you are the spirit of Wesley past and of Wesley present and that you project yourself "out there" each month to where "our boys" interpose the ideal of God and Democracy against Prussianism. You tell me that you would like me to give you some little message of inspiration, strength and cheer for them. Thank you, Old Vox, for the hint—I will. I will tell of the faith that is within me purified and made articulate in war's grim reginery, and thus far perfected.

We will not forget, Old Vox, the men and women of Wesley present, who, mayhap, wonder why it is that eternal principles of human right should harness men so pitilessly to their vindication. Let us ask them to share in the message to the boys at the front. Do not, Old Vox, lead me into presumption, for today there is little left to me but to talk and to write of what I have seen.

Help me be simple and sincere, Old Vox. Help me look on the world in arms without hate and without malice. Let me see clear through the smoke and the passion of battle to the grand principles which are at stake. You know, Old Vox, I have looked Eternity in the face and no man who has done that is ever the same again. I see that it matters little who continues in life a few short years, so long as Right triumphs and becomes the heritage of posterity.

When I was younger, Old Vox, I said in my heart: there is no God. Then I lay in the icy clasp of death. My soul told me that whatever Gods there were would prefer sincerity to cant and in that hour I cried out: "Oh, God, if there be a God, forgive my sins if there be s'n in life, for Christ's sake if there be a Christ." You see, Old Vox, I was on the brink. I was not conscious of being afraid, only I

could not see clearly. The past had me bound. I was helpless in the presence of the eternal conflict between right and wrong. Technically, there was little of faith in that last prayer of mine but I was convinced that God (in Whom I have come to have faith in these latter days since He seems the most reasonable hypothesis of which the human mind is capable) would rather such a prayer from a human soul in its last earthly moments than any cowardly flight into a castle whose breast-works are builded from an unreflective acceptance of entrenched dogma. Life receded an infinite distance from me and I realized that to live is to be a pilgrim and to have no abiding place on the earth.

No, Old Vox, I am not the man I was. I have come to see things with a new perspective. I desire to be useful rather than famous, kindly rather than rich, humble rather than elevated. I have seen my comrades snatched from my side by rampant death and I realize that my life, such as it is, being spared I know not why, belongs to all who can establish a claim to a need of it.

I have come to a new appreciation of values, Old Vox. I have come to see that the only wealth in life that really counts is wealth of service. Bank accounts are nothing. Private property exists only on tolerance. Education is but an increased responsibility. God gives us energy and nature's wealth to harness to our life needs. These He would have us mould into a world from which sorrow and selfishness are fled away. If, Old Vox, under Him, we can evolve such a world ---we who are left---then happy are we, and our posterity shall rise up and bless our noble dead that they have endured to that end.

I seem to hear you ask me why I went forth to kill my fellow-men. But, Old Vox, you libel me. I went forth not to kill men but to defend vital principles with the strength and intelligence given me of God. My faith is that God is everywhere present, especially so in the human heart. Said my conscience to the man in me, militarism kills the untrammelled God, aspiring to become articulate in human life, so you must go out and slay militarism. Said my conscience also: Militarism enslaves man and prevents the free expression of the God (Whom I then called the General Will) within them. That, Dear Old Vox, is the soul, the indestructible, irreducible essence of Democracy. It is recognition that deep in the human soul dwelleth God--the pity of it that He is sometimes bound and helpless.

In the old days I worshipped "the unknown God." Today I know Him. He is the soul of Democracy striving ever to eliminate injustice, sorrow, pain and want from the earth. Instinctively in those old days I reached out after that God. Thankfully I recognize Him today in the clamorous demand that "the world must be made safe for Democracy."

I don't ask you, Old Vox to subscribe to my faith. It is mine, evolved through weary years. For me it suffices. I am out of the struggle but, before the God Who dwells within me, I am forced to say: It is worth while for the world to give these splendid young lives, none of which it can afford to lose, in defense of Democracy, so long as it is necessary so to do. There could be only one tragedy more terrible than the tragedy of this war, and that would be the tragedy of a Prussian peace, which would be the Anti-Christ of a denial of God in the human heart and a real retrogression from the upward trend of human life.

Since I last wrote you, Old Vox, I have been in many lands and have met many people. At heart and untainted by the teachings of false gods I have found humanity pretty much the same everywhere. I have discerned God striving to express Himself in a German poisoned by the vicious evangel that Prussian Might is the final Right in the world. I have recognized Him on the still face of a soldier killed in battle. I have revered Him in a mother croning over her babe. Look, Old Vox, with faith and optimism and you, also, will see God, sometimes where you least expect to find Him. Don't let the horrors of today blind your eyes. Tell our boys at the front and our folk at home that He still lives and seeks to vindicate Himself in the terrors of Armageddon. Have faith undaunted; have heart unafraid. Be calm and strong and unyielding till the victory rest with God's humanity. That's my message to you and through you, Old Vox.

For you, and for me, and for all honest hearts the world over there remains the task of finding and calling into consciousness the God that dwells everywhere. Alas that such a devil as Prussianism can impress Him beneath its lies in German hearts. Until it is discredited and the scales are torn from the eyes of Germany, it must be that the war continue. Let us, you and I, Old Vox, who are out of it, not forget that it is ours to talk dispassionately, to our duty toward those who have to pay the price that God and His Democracy may be freed to work out their own destiny in a world that shall never again know the insensate folly of war.

Often I look out over the eastern horizon with a heavy heart, realizing that the madness of human ambition is responsible for the horror, the murder and the misery that are rampant "over there." Sometimes I am bitter. Then I incline to hate with an exceeding, bitter hatred. I call on God to strike as He is striking through our armies today. Then again I realize that "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world," and I return to my old faith, my normal faith, that our civilization will profit by its passage through the refining fires of war, of this last great clash of nations.

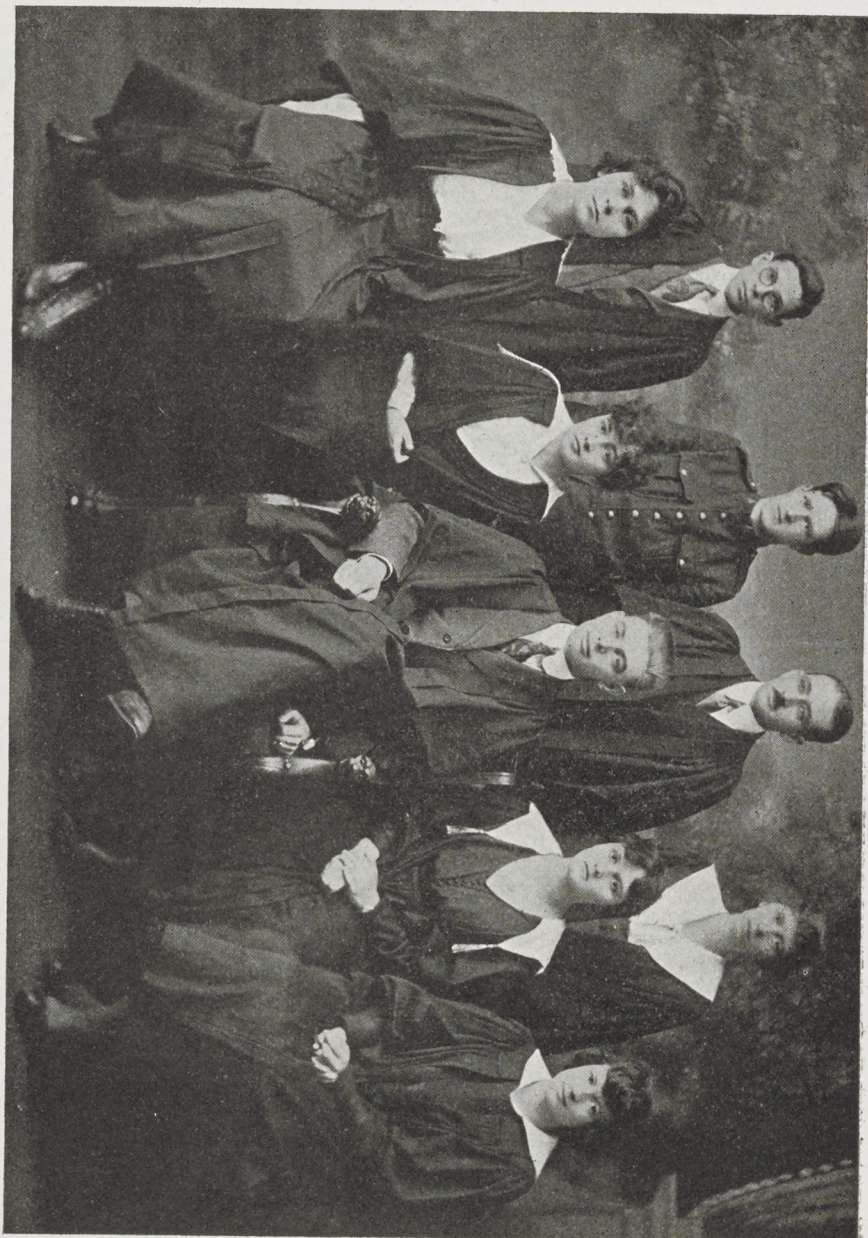
Shall we strive on together, you and I, Old Vox, to forget the hates of today and to see only the conflict of principles. If we hate and seek to crush more than is fitting to liberate God over all the world, to teach the lessons of a free democracy to the untaught, then we are liars, Prussians at heart, and the truth is not in us. Let us not forget, then, that we have fought, and still fight, for God and His right to live His life freely in the human soul—which is Democracy.

That's all, Old Vox, for now, and thank you for having had patience while I told you so stumblingly of my faith that out of this great evil may come a great good for God's humanity.

*Central
Business College*

A good reliable
school that you can
recommend

SOCIAL AND LITERARY EXECUTIVE



SOCIAL AND LITERARY

All things have an end and the time has come when I must lay down my symbol of office, viz. the key to the cupboard which holds the Wesley dishes. I leave it for the students to judge whether our work as a committee has proved a success. We have tried our best to make the social side of college life interesting and now it behooves me to make an attempt at the literary side of the question. It would have done your hearts good if you could have looked in upon our little sanctum, Room G, when any one of our meetings was in progress. We tried our best to act out our title "Social and Literary" and mixed in a little oil of social chat along with the dry routine of business, just enough to make the literary wheels run smoothly. Consequently we avoided the danger of having a hot box.

THE COLLEGE DINNER

The Twenty-ninth Annual Wesley College Dinner in the Fort Garry on March 22nd, 1918, was one of the most successful ever held. Despite war times and war vacancies there was present a large and representative gathering of faculty, graduates and students. The banquet was served in the Rose Room which was suitably decorated for the occasion. After a sumptuous war-time repast, the programme of the evening proceeded.

Principal Riddell proposed the toast to the King which was responded to heartily by the singing of the National Anthem.

Prof. Skuli Johnston paid a most eloquent tribute to our Soldier Lads, bringing vividly before us their hardships and sacrifices. Most interesting was the response of Pte. J. E. Ridd recently returned from the front. His modest, straightforward words, so characteristic of our Canuck soldiers, expressed on behalf of the boys 'Over There' the hope that old Wesley would still "carry on."

The "Graduating Class", proposed by W. T. Brady, was responded to by Miss Marion Dent. An account of the class was given in a comparison with a five-act drama—cleverly depicting the metamorphosis from frivolous freshmen to sage seniors.

"The Faculty" was ably proposed by E. F. Morrow, to which Prof. Harvey replied in his usual brilliant manner.

The enthusiastic applause which greeted Dr. Allison's toast to the "Wesley Women's Association" showed the esteem in which that organization is held. In her reply, Mrs. H. Galloway revealed some of the difficulties attendant on the maintenance of the Residence but optimistically prophesied better things for the future.

Mr. W. H. Gray proposed the toast to our Alma Mater. On account of the unavoidable absence of Mr. A. O. Rose, '09; Mr. A. Carruthers replied.

Altho' so young and inexperienced, Mr. P. V. Ibbetson eulogized "The Ladies" in a manner indicative of much deep thought and concentrated observation.

To Miss Thompson fell the task of replying and her direct speech and humorous anecdotes proved her no mere amateur on the platform.

The musical programme was admirably rendered. Mrs. Burton Kurth and Mrs. E. B. White were the soloists of the evening. Instrumental music was furnished by Misses Muriel Anderson and Edith Nelson. The College Quartette performed in their accustomed humorous style.

One of the most notable features of the gathering was the hopeful spirit which pervaded the assemblage. Altho our college has met with reverse and been drained heavily of her manhood we all feel that yet more glorious shall she rise and out of the future shall be born a greater and a nobler Wesley.

GRADUATE'S FAREWELL

With the presenting of farewell addresses to the Alma Mater and to the Graduating Classes, the curtain fell. Another academic year has made its contribution to the history of Wesley College.

Under the able chairmanship of Dr. Allison, the evennig's entertainment was assured of success. The Quintette rendered a selection with a good deal of gusto and was well received. Mrs. White's solo, "The Last Rose of Summer" was appreciated by all, as also was Miss Davis' piano solo.

Mr. A. R. Cragg presented the valedictory for Arts. After admonishing the undergraduates to walk the straight and narrow path, as their worthy seniors have done, Mr. Cragg gave a summary of the various subjects which have occupied the attention of the graduates during their college career. "History," he said, "has contributed to the training of students in their single-minded application in the search for facts. "The Romance of Philosophy in its uncertainty lures one as by magic; its goal seems ever unrealized, yet to have pursued is gain. Science has opened a wonderful field for discovery but yet has not revealed the mystery of life. Political Economy, the great science of man, has revealed to us the many principles on which man has built our present-day system of economics. Literature has stimulated the imagination: In the works of our various authors, there is scope for studying the many vicissitudes and temperament of human nature. In closing his address the speaker paid a glowing tribute to the influence of Fletcher Argue.

Mr. Lavender presented the stick, the emblem of the office which he held this year, to Mr. W. T. Brady, the Senior Stick Elect. Miss Thompson transferred her majestic wand to Miss Ora Adamson, the lady stick Elect.

The unique event of the evening transpired when Lieut. George Lee, who has just returned from France on leave, wielded the stick, as in the days of United College and thereby illustrated the movements of an airplane in which he experienced a flight over London.

The valedictorian of Theology was Mr. A. Carruthers. In turning to the thought of saying farewell to the college he showed the different outlook on life which education incites. A child strolls along the bank of a brook, watches the stream, hears the music of birds, witnesses the wonders of nature. As a college graduate the grown child visits the same place, hears the same music but his knowledge of science gives another interpretation. Nature speaks in a new language. The men who had influenced the speaker were briefly touched upon and apt quotations from the poets were used to illustrate the contribution of each one.

Professor Skuli Johnson addressed the Graduating classes on behalf of the Faculty. He commented on the fact that the number in the Graduating Classes was small. This paucity of numbers is common to all educational institutions. Yet Democracy calls for quality rather than quantity. The great aim of the teachers has been to supply this quality. We are, said he, primarily spiritual entities. Let us not adopt Dr. Johnston's dictum that a man is seldom so honestly employed as when he is making money; nor yet should we adopt the opposite, that to work for a wage forever excludes a man

from the circle of the elect. A middle course is preferable. Think not that your college days have been wasted time. Accept graciously the honors and responsibilities of an alumni or an alumnae. Be missionaries of educational ideas and ideals.

Members of Wesley College have made the college specially their own. They have built themselves into the spiritual walls of their Alma Mater, by their community of pleasure and pain. In like manner they may endear Wesley to those they meet outside her walls. The sovereignty of an educational institution is not therefore to be despised. This sovereignty belongs to the members of the Graduating Classes.

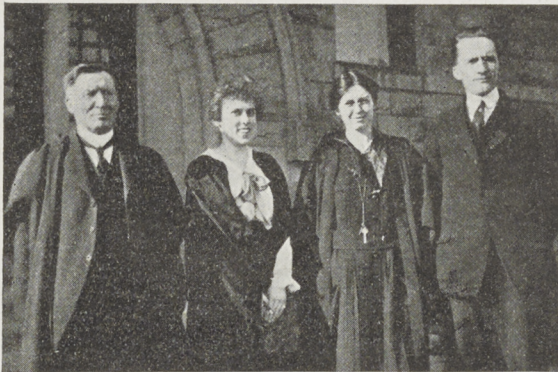
We have not been mere spectators of your activities, said the Professor. We have been interested in you here. We will continue to be when you have gone from us. Although it is true that:

"To no man yet has it been given to know
What wonders lie in ambush close behind
The hills that hedge the city of the mind."

It has been our privilege to catch glimpses, both in and out of class, of bright promise for a future in your lives. The prospects make our work worth while, we feel.

In closing, we say to the members of the Graduating Classes, not farewell, not adieu but aurevoir.

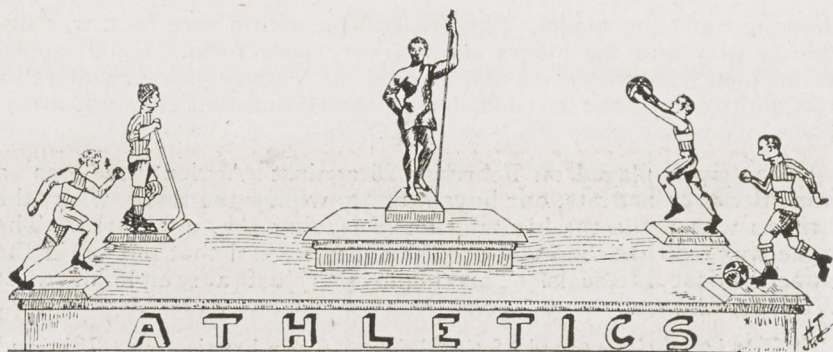
'18 Class Permanent Executive



DR. ELLIOTT	MISS V. PATRICK	MISS I. THOMPSON	MR. A. R. CRAGG
Hon. President	Vice-President	Secretary	President



DEBATING EXECUTIVE



Athletics in our college this year have played an important part in college life, not so much because of the brilliancy of play as by the interest and enthusiasm manifested on every hand. A small registration is not conducive to the development of a cup winning team, but it is a great factor in getting every student to take part in the practices and take a vital interest in the games. This year, we have been able to see the full value of our peculiar situation for about eighty per cent. of our boys have not only attended practices in some one of the various branches of college athletics but have actually been members of either interclass or intercollegiate teams. This enthusiasm has made itself felt for the attendance of supporters on the sidelines this year, despite our small registration, has been even larger than in the years of plenty. We have not won a single cup this year but we won something a whole lot more practical (an oyster supper) and besides never finished lower than second in any intercollegiate competitions, so although we have not won a first, two seconds are better than a first and nothing.

C. L. T. '17

BASKETBALL

Although at the beginning of the term, it was thought that we could not put up a basketball team, having only one old inter-collegiate man, yet to show that Wesley was game to the core we entered one in the series, resolved to do or die. Now as we look back on the games we are proud of the way our boys came through.

The first game against Engineers was played on February 4th. Our boys started well, scoring six points in the first few minutes. Although the scoring wasn't so fast during the rest of the game the pace set at the first never slackened. Ibbetson and Taylor showed good team work and deserve to be commended on their play. The score was Wesley 17, Engineers 10.

The second game was played on February 11 against Medicals. This was admitted to be the hardest game of the series and our boys went on the floor fully decided to make a name for themselves. This much we can say that Medicals went out that night with a wholesome respect for Wesley, for though we were beaten, not for a minute was the result decided. Had Wesley not fallen down on the shooting quite a different story might be told. The score was, Medicals 15, Wesley 12.

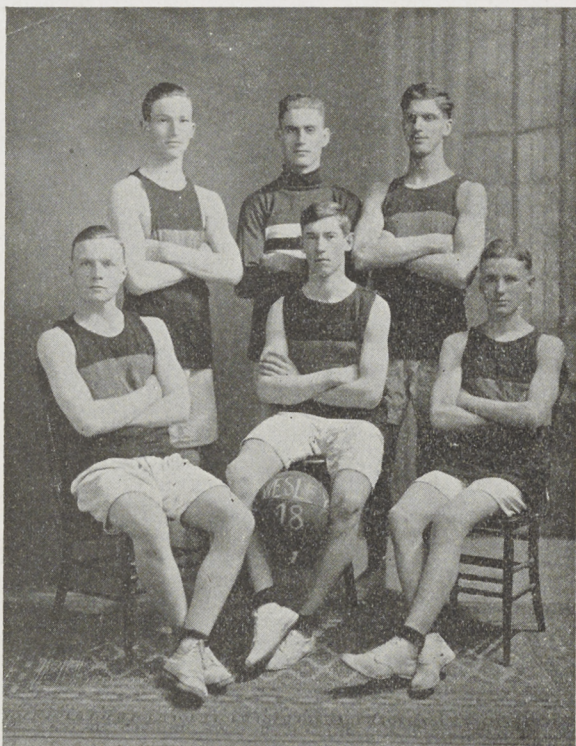
The game against Varsity played on February 23 was the poorest

showing our team made. Piggott, laid up with a sore foot, was unable to play and the others showed very poor form. Handicapped as our men were they were able to hold the Varsity players down to a hard fight during the first half but in the second half they got away. The score was Varsity 20, Wesley 10.

The game played on February 25 against Agriculture was a come back against fate, our boys literally wiping the floor with the farmers who made the big mistake of leaving Ibb. uncovered. The game was fast but the style of play did not equal that put up in the game against Medicals. This game was just a sample of what Wesley could do.

This is a brief record of the doings of our heroic five. Ibb. and Taylor were the stars providing a brand of basketball excelled by none in the league. Our complete line-up was as follows: Piggott, Ridd, Young, Ibbetson, Taylor; spare—Hurton.

A. L. M. '21



BASKET BALL TEAM '17 '18

A. PIGGOTT
L. Guard

R. HURTON
Spare

C. L. TAYLOR
R. Forward

R. YOUNG
L. Forward

P. V. IBBETSON, Capt.
Centre

D. N. RIDD
R. Guard

CURLING

The keen interest with which the scheduled games were played this season manifested that curling is still a favorite sport among the students of the red and blue. The verocity with which the skips hollered, "Sweep hard," or "Let 'er curl" was equalled only by the storm of objections raised by first year at the way the players had been pooled and the schedule drawn up and yet these first year lads, ably skipped by Bobbie Cooper won the coveted place at the top of the league though the theologs still think some fluke must have happened and the sophs. claim, "If we only could have put in a class team— — — !

There was no inter-collegiate schedule this year but Wesley was prepared for one and since the curling season is now past we deem it safe to say that we could have won the cup.,

D. R. '20

WESLEY WINS SHIELD

The Intercollegiate shooting competition in connection with the C.O.T.C. was staged at the C.O.T.C. ranges last week. To add to the enthusiasm of the boys and to help make the weary winter's drill produce something which would be really interesting, a shield was presented by Lieut.-Col. McWilliams to be given to the company, scoring the highest average. Wesley only having half a company, joined with the grads. and the average of this combined company was to be considered.

The University were the first to try their nerve and skill and their 12 good men and true scored what was then considered as a cinch mark of 180 average out of a possible 210. But the excitement was not to be killed so easily. Agriculture then tried their luck and knocked the feather off the Varsity cap by scoring an average of 182 pts and for a time they breathed easily and were only occasionally worried by the question, When was the shield to be presented to them? or where would they put it? The grads then came forth to reveal the fact that the old timers can "come back" and amassed the average score 183. But even then it looked a shaky lead for no one knew what the Wesley crew could do, but when the smoke had cleared the numbers could plainly be seen on the score board, 185. Amid cheers and congratulations our representatives Helgason, Kozier, Piggott, Ridd, George and McCartney journeyed off to celebrate the victory of the day, at the Bay.

In a separate competition among the commissioned officers of the C.O.T.C. P. V. Ibbetson of the Wesley platoon was declared the champion by a comfortable lead of 12 points over his nearest rivals.

PROBATIONERS SOCIETY

During the term now closing the weekly meetings of the society have been held regularly. The increase in attendance and enthusiasm has proven their popularity, and, we trust, their utility.

The last two sessions held were addressed by Professor M. Green and President Arthur Lavender, respectively.

Professor Green made a profound impression by his beautiful word pictures in showing that we were all "dwellers in tents." The true artist and the deep thinker were revealed to us.

The series would not have been complete without a word from our president.

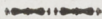
Mr. Lavender by a modern interpretation of the Act, "What shall I do with Jesus" very forcibly urged our loyalty to the highest and the best.

The election of officers was held at the close of the last meeting with the following result:

Honorary President	-	-	-	-	--Rev. Dr. James Elliott
President	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. P. Harryett
Vice President	-	-	-	-	Mr. E. F. Morrow
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. Green
Executive Committee:—A. W. Loughheed, J. Watts, and S. H. Boys.					

Our appreciation is hereby expressed to the retiring officers and we wish those who will graduate from our society God speed in their larger spheres of service.

S. H. B.



The Wesley boy, to the farm has gone
 In the furrows trail you'll find him
 His father's hoe he has girded on
 And exams he's left behind him.
 "Exams be darned!" the brave lad said,
 "Not all the world could stay me"
 "One boy at least the fields shall hoe"
 That three more spuds there may be."

The lad did work but the profs chill gaze
 Soon brought his proud soul under.
 The hoe he loathed ne'er hacked again
 For it tore his cords asunder
 He said, "No sups shall frighten me
 I'm sick of work and blisters
 Why, sups were made for the glad care-free
 I'll leave farm work to my sisters."



St. Patrick's eve was the occasion upon which the Sparling Hall residents chose to entertain. The drawing room was most artistically decorated with green flags, Irish pigs harps and shamrocks. The guests entered into the spirit of that jolly old saint and all displayed a pretty wit. Miss MacHaffie won much eulogistic comment from the lovers of art by her daring bas-relief work in chewing-gum. Mr. Ross was awarded a crown of laurel for his impassioned Irish love-letter. More than one of the fair residents are pining for more of such talented endeavor. All the boys showed great proficiency in their wielding of the needle and the design in hats and aprons might well have stirred the heart of a Paguin.

Refreshments were served, via the dumb-waiter which proved an all too tempting toy for one of our sophisticated sophomores. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' (an Irish rendering av coorse) and God Save the King brought to a close a most delightful evening.

Miss R-o-ch (dashing madly down the hall) :-: Oh I say, how many two o'clock lectures have you got today?

Wesley Undergraduates Woman's Association



(Sec.) G. PEACOCK
MRS. D. C. HARVEY
(Hon. Pres.)

Sec. D. CARD (Matrics)
I. THOMPSON
(Stick)

A. BANKS (Athletics)
N. EDWARDS
(Press Rep.)

Inter-Collegiate Basketball Team



W. STEVENS
Centre

A. BANKS
Centre

M. MALCOLM
Forward

I. MacHAFFIE
Guard
Captain

M. DAVIS
Forward

V. CREIGHTON
Guard

BASKETBALL

A most successful season of basketball has drawn to a close. True we did not win any priceless trophies but we came so near it, why worry? We are looking for great results in the line of basketball next year. It was very late in the season that Wesley organized for the game this year but the team soon fell into line. The loyal red and blue blazed out resplendent in our new uniforms and helped to carry us to victory on two occasions (would that it had been more!) Our coach claims that we are the speediest team on the floor and if we improve in our shooting—well this is all going to happen next year.

Mac, our popular captain, known in class as Miss McHaffie, proved an almost rock like barrier against opposing forwards while Vee Creighton bewildered her opponents by her agile swiftness of foot and arm. Ada Banks is absolutely the best jumping-centre in the city. (Ask Mac. if this isn't true?) and Willie Stephens plays centre field admirably. Our forwards, Marjorie Davis and Muriel Malcolm have all the elements that make for success, speed and ambition. Marj's long arm has a natural impulse toward the basket and her guard's right ear while Muriel sticks to the ball like spearmint. With such a line-up and constant practice, we intend to bring glory to old Wesley next year.

REVISED NURSERY RHYMES

For Use in Sparling Hall

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes you so tired you can't open your eyes.

—o—

Mary, Mary quite contrary
How do your studies go
With trig. secants
And Vergil's chants
And sups standing up in a row.

—o—

Katie had a little sup
It followed her to school
And everywhere that Katie went
She broke a log'rithmic rule.

—o—

Vera Creighton chocolate eater
For as such you couldn't beat her
Put her at that shop, the Dell.
And there we kept her very well.

—o—

Ilo Lizzie met a busy
Cook down in the basement
Said the cook to Ilo Lizzie
Really I am very busy
Beat it! show some self effacement!
So Ilo was caught in the act and crimed accordingly.

Sing a song of Wesley
 The editress of Vox
 Is working in her study
 Doling us out knocks
 When the work is over
 Some theologian may scream.
 They think it very naughty
 But we think it's nice thick cream.

—o—

Toast and fruit
 Went up the shoot
 Carried by our dumb-waiter
 The fruit was prunes
 For us young coons
 Who promptly cussed at the waiter.

—o—

Louisa, Louisa, oh where did you go?
 I went to the 'U' to hear Jolliffe, you know
 Louisa, Louisa, what did you there?
 I ate Latin roots and sat still on my chair.

—o—

They were seeing Nellie home
 They were seeing Nellie home
 And they made the finest rubbering party
 Seeing Nellie home.

Given four sophomores, two freshettes, a skipping rope, and a little moonlight, find the minus quantity.



WESLEY RED CROSS EXECUTIVE, 1917-1918

RED CROSS

During another year the Wesley Red Cross has attempted to do its share in reminding our boys overseas how very proud we are of them, and how deeply we appreciate their radiant courage and determination in their great task. The college year 1917-18 has brought greater responsibilities to every girl at Wesley, and it has been hard to find time for all the important things of college life. Yet we feel sure we can say that in the heart of every girl is the desire for service, the wish to cheer, and the longing to help, which is called forth by the heroic self-sacrifice of our soldiers. And so, little by little, the work has been done, whether in meetings or out of meetings, with the result that over thirty parcels have been sent to Wesley boys in France.

We wonder if it would be possible for those parcels to give as much pleasure to the boys, as their letters of thanks give to us,—those letters which tell us that it is worth while for us to keep “carrying on” even in our small way. We feel rich indeed when our soldiers can say that our efforts are appreciated, that “it is good to know that one’s memory is kept green in one’s Alma Mater,” that “it is encouraging to know that every Wesley boy has the whole-hearted support and aid of his old college friends,” and that “the thoughtfulness of the girls is greatly treasured.” We only hope that, with such measures of praise, heaped up and running over, we may be given strength to repress any undue tendency to indulge ourselves by gazing on “the swollen bubble of vanity!”

Our thanks are due to the girls of Sparling Hall, who so kindly offered to give a Red Cross Tea at the residence, last January, in order to increase the funds in the treasury. The proceeds of the Tea amounted to \$36.00.

We also wish to express our thanks to the ladies of the Wesley Women’s Association, who were able to help us with our work, and who so kindly gave us their support.

It is our aim to continue the work of the society, after exams are over, and we look for the co-operation of all who remain in the city. More than ever do we realize that our work in Wesley Red Cross is not a hardship but one of our greatest privileges.

(M. A.)

Y. W. C. A.

Under the capable leadership of Miss Norsworthy, the Y.W.C.A. has played an important part in the life of the College girl in the past year. For the coming year new plans have been made. After due consideration it was decided, almost unanimously to segregate the Wesley and Varsity Association which has existed since the year of United College. Though the meetings will still be general each college will have its own cabinet to work out its particular problems. Also, in order to bring the Y.W.C.A. more closely into connection with the student's activities, a new constitution has been adopted, whereby the president of this organization will be a member of the U. W. A. executive and another cabinet will form her advisory committee. With Miss Johnston as honorary president, Miss Foreman as president and a well-chosen cabinet the success of the Y. W. C. A. is ensured for the coming year.

THE LADIES' LIT

Friday evening, March 6th was the occasion of the Ladies' Lit held in the Convocation Hall.

The initial feature of the programme was an impressive tableau by the young ladies dressed in white each holding a flag of one of the allied nations. Justice was represented as standing above them with sword and balances.

The meeting of the Young Ladies' Single Blessedness Society comprised the greater part of the evening's entertainment.

Some of the styles affected by these ardent seekers of lesser halves seemed somewhat ancient. This antiquity was emphasised by the ultra modern costume of an advocate of dress reform who was present.

There was a marked spirit of enthusiasm among the members of the society and a confidence in the ultimate success of their quest.

Market quotations were given on the bachelors of Wesley College. This was of especial interest to the male members of the audience. Sighs of delight were heard when the rating ran high and wails of anguish when the quoting went below par.

The meeting was interrupted by the arrival of Professor Make-over, who demonstrated the wonderful properties of his remodeloscope.

This marvelous machine had the power of transforming the oldest and plainest lady of uncertain age into a blushing bud of sixteen. Whether her style of beauty were blonde or brunette, statuesque or petite, she expressed her wish, entered the machine, was ground up and lo, came forth with her wish gratified.

Unfortunately the remodeloscope was wrecked in transforming the president of the Society. The confusion resulting from this catastrophe ended the meeting.

The ladies are to be congratulated on the unqualified success of their Lit.

A Bachelor

THE SOLDIERS OF THE '18 CLASS

Arch. August.

"I am a soldier and unapt to weep or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness. Who can forget the "white haired boy" of the '18 Class? Arch. left College to do his bit, going overseas in April 1916. After serving in France for one year with the Army Medical Corps, he was wounded. He spent some weeks in Blighty, then was transferred to a hospital ship en route for Canada. After several voyages he received leave of absence from his duties as orderly on the ship to spend Christmas with his relations at Carman. At present he is engaged in hospital work at Eastbourne, Sussex England.

Gordon Churchill

"He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction." Although Gordon won a scholarship in his Freshman year it was not this which caused him to be envied by his classmates, but the wavy ripples in his hair. Though quiet and unassuming Gordon was one of the most popular boys of the '18 Class. Responding to his Country's call he enlisted with the 203rd Battalion. When he reached England he transferred to the Machine Gun Corps, with which unit he is now serving in France.

Eber Crummy.

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the Scholar."

Eber was noted particularly for his relish of pie and beans, as Coach of the Ladies' Hockey Team, and as instigator of the One-A-Zimmer war cry. This sturdy youth went forth to battle, going overseas with the 203rd "Hard and Drys." He was later transferred to the 43rd Highlanders. In October of last year Eber was wounded and up to the present time has been receiving treatment at the Canadian Base Hospital France.

Carl Halstead.

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

Carl was a sprinter both on the track and on the Social and Literary Executive of the Ne'er to be forgotten One-A-Zimmer Sophomore Year. He enlisted in March 1916, with the Army Medical Corps and crossed to France in June of the same year where he is still on Active Service.

Einar Long

"Worthy fellow; and lie to prove most sinewy."

Einar is another of our '18 boys who felt called upon to give up his college course in order that he might take his place in the service of his country. He went overseas with the 203rd Battalion in October 1916, later transferring to the 18th Reserve Battalion. He is still in France and so far has come through safely..

Lynford Tapp

"'Tis the soldier's life to have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife."

Who is this dark eyed chap whom I can recall vividly? Why it is another of the '18 Class. Lynford with his cheery countenance was a favorite at all our class functions of Second Year. He went overseas in the spring of 1916 and is still doing service in France, as a stretcher bearer in the Army Medical Corps.

No cracked collars at The North-West Laundry—W. T. Brady, agent

THE NEW REGIME

MR. BRADY—SENIOR STICK

When Professor Woodrow Wilson was first elected to the Presidency, an English journalist remarked, "There is hope for a people when it can discover true metal." Wesley students may deem themselves fortunate in having secured as leader a man of true metal.

Mr. Brady's unassuming nature and quiet method of working almost deceives one as to his real accomplishments. During his two years in Wesley, his activities in football, hockey, curling, probationers' and "Social Lit" affairs have expressed his real social spirit and interest in student life. His business manager-ship of "Vox," presidency of 4th year theology, scholarships and 1A standing in exams show his methodical all-round enjoyment of and participation in everything worth while.

He is a Christian gentleman, constant in friendship, sees sympathetically the other person's point of view, works with a minimum of dust and is a born leader since with all these qualities he is not conscious of being at the head.

Let us, as fellow students, give our hearty support and co-operation to Mr. Brady's leadership.

J. W.



ORA R. ADAMSON

The Ladies' Parlor has taken as its motto for next year "Ora pro nobis;" not that unusual intercession will be required but on account of the fact that Miss Ora Adamson has been elected Lady Stick.

Ora is known for her contagious optimism, which has won her a host of friends. That she has an extremely tolerant disposition is evinced by the fact that she does not object to the appellation, "Carrots." Her ultra-modern ideas on "How to live together" and her earnest endeavour to 'carry on' predicts a very successful year of office.



'21 CLASS

In the fall of 1917 there came to Wesley college a number of youths and maidens known as the '21 class. Serious and sedate were they and no thoughts of pleasure beguiled them from their studies. For a time they were the joy of the professor's hearts and indeed "the wonder grew, that such small heads could carry all they knew.." Miss Rowell complimented them on their punctuality at lectures, Miss Turner showered on them her praises; only the hard soil of Professor Johnson's heart yielded no flowery tribute.

But by and by the insidious influence of the world crept in. Football claimed Bert Mills and Bob Cooper, basketball, Miss Davis and Miss Creighton, and in curling 1st year boys came out at the head of the list. Miss Davis edited "Wesleyettes" in Vox and during the second term Miss Creighton took Miss Adamson's place as editor of "Social and Personal."

Miss Rutledge, Miss Creighton and Miss Trumpour took part in the college play "The Importance of Being Earnest." During the numerous practises they were several times heard to say that the play would be a splendid excuse for five or six sups. in the spring. Alas, what changes does time work!

On the occasion of its first class party, the '21 class in a truly scriptural manner "fed the hungry," nor did it in a pharisaical manner blazon abroad the deed but rather it was hid under darkness and secrecy. The two later class parties were very successful, and just here, by the way, 1st year wishes to extend heartfelt sympathy to any who may have suffered recently from an overdose of strong coffee. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

In debating 1st year defeated matriculation and theology but in its third and last debate which decided the winners of the cup, gracefully accepted defeat from 4th year. 1st year has some promising debaters although, sad to relate, one of its best students and debaters left at Christmas, because of heart trouble. This malady transported her to the M. A. C. where her lofty soul is now bowed down to the composition of oatmeal porridge, pancakes, etc. We were sorry, also, to lose Miss Olive Erickson, through illness. (Not of the heart.)

Last but not least the '21 boys have responded splendidly to the S. O. S. movement, some of them giving up an almost certain scholarship in so doing. They are doing their bit at home as others are doing their's at the front.

M. G. T.

G. E. Robins and M. Green discussing stripes indicating military rank.

R-b-s—If 3 stripes indicate the rank of a sergeant what would Paul be with forty stripes less one?

G-e-n—Why he would be master of the thirty nine articles.

Gentlemen's suits steam cleaned and pressed 50 cents—at the North-West Laundry.

FRESHMEN CLASS '21



THE TWENTY CLASS

Another year of our college career has just come to a close; again we have faced that period of inquisition—examinations, and not yet have we repented the times spent in matters other than the preparation of our minds for salvation during the trying ordeal.

In our Freshman year we were fresh and green—verily so green that our “eats” disappeared from us twice. Under the ripening influence of the Wesleyan sun’s rays, however, we duly arrived at that stage known to the college botanist as Sophomorian, when we had dropped the last vistage of our greenness and assumed the chesty airs of a bona-fide Sophomore.

But why should we not be chesty? We have had better claim to that right than perhaps any Sophomore class that has been at Wesley. Witness our ability and versatility. Our repertoire included, Athletics, Dramatics, Scholarships, and even an affinity for confiscated “eats,” combined with a Scotch tenacity for retaining our own refreshments.

Under the guidance of Professor Johnson, we travelled through the philosophy of Catullus, through the labyrinth of the Odes of Horace and the epigrams of Martial, and not one of us made reference to Kelly’s immortal works. We have thought, our way through the depths of Logic and the shallows of Political Economy with Dr. Elliott steering our ship and more than once our pilot feared lest we founder on the rocks of social functions. Dr. Allison so carefully nurtured our English that none of us are heard to say ‘Italian’ with the accent on the I. Miss Turner taught us to distinguish mere exposition and short stories. With dates were we nourished by Professor Harvey, who oft-times must have marvelled at our ability to swallow them, Pitt and all, without even masticating them, and with the usual result—mental indigestion.

We have taken our last lecture as an undivided whole. Some have elected to take History and English, others Philosophy and still others have chosen Science. Though our studies diverge, may our interests all converge and who knows what future may lie hidden neath the tranquil surface of next year’s Juniors?

V. N. R.

THE '18 CLASS

One-a-zimmer, two-a-zimmer, three-a-zimmer zam,
Eighteen’s a winner, and we don’t give a
Nigger nigger, hoe-potater, half-past aligator,
Ram-bam bulligator, Zip, Boom, Bah,
Nineteen-eighteen, Rah, Rah, Rah.

In relating the story of the doings of the far-famed '18 Class, the difficulty lies not so much in recounting its specific deeds, as in tracing the changes which have taken place during the four years of college life in the inward character of the class, individually and as a whole. We can point to a few, single great achievements, and yet few classes have been more famous than the '18 class—because of the strength of character and intensity of spirit manifested throughout its course.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE



J. E. RIDD '17 E. LONG '18 C. HALSTEAD '18 A. AUGUST '18 L. TAPP '18 E. CRUMMY '18 G. CHURCHILL '18
(Returned)

In our Freshman year, under the supervision of the University faculty, excepting the building, Wesley did not play a large part in our student life. But lasting friendships were formed with University students which have been the important cause of the continued good feeling between the students of the two rival institutions which has characterized the past three years, and have done much to pave the way towards that closer union of the colleges which we hope will finally evolve.

As a result of this condition in First Year Arts, only the students most loyal to Wesley wore the red and blue colors as Sophomores, and among these an intense class-spirit prevailed. In that year we first came into intimate touch with those noble minds of the Wesley teaching faculty who have made our college life worth while. Then we learned to "think it through," and to dare to question authority,—even that of the infallible text—books themselves. We worried the professor of Political Economy with our socialistic tendencies; we disputed the manner in which the professor of Latin corrected the punctuation of our Latin sentences:—our intellects were just beginning gently to stir,—we were awakening to a sense of our own importance. In addition to the members of the faculty yet at Wesley, memories of three others will long be cherished by the '18 Class: Dr. Billings, Dr. Bland, and Dr. MacDonald taught us lessons of gentle strength, tolerance, and freedom of thought.

The whole of our undergraduate career has been spent in an atmosphere of the stress and strain of a titanic European War, and these years have left an indelible impress on our characters. It touched us intimately and directly in our Sophomore year when seven of our number responded to the call of duty, leaving the remainder of us with an added sense of responsibility and a determination to carry on the spirit that impelled those who had left us for a time.

Our Junior year was marked by close attention to the curriculum, and the exuberant class spirit of the previous year gradually turned to service in the larger spheres of college life. Before the Leap Year of 1918 had passed away, two more of our members were added to Cupid's Casualty list—fatally wounded, while others of the class seemed dangerously near at times to an entanglement in 'the knot there's no untying.'

And then at last the fall term of our fourth and final year began. Seniors!—and we felt it. Importance seemed to ooze from every fibre of our being, and yet friends asked how many years were yet to pass before we obtained our B. A. degrees. The ambitions of almost every member of the class fulfilled by the occupation of a post of honor (?) and toil (yabecha in student activities. And again this year were we reminded of the prediction that the '18 Class would all be "cornered" before graduation day had labelled us "educated",—Cupid seems never to cease his activities among the eighteens. Again are we informed that diamonds have not yet passed out of fashion.

And now the battle is ended, the race is run. What records do we leave behind? Scholarships have been caught as they flitted swiftly across our path; a debating championship finally torn from designing nineteeners has proved our strength of lung; a grand total of three points in two field-meets has amply demonstrated our athletic ability; we have done our part in college politics, dramatics, literary and social events. Twice has the '18 Class given teams to contest

intercollegiate debates. Our girls star in hockey, and our boys have always been represented on the college football team. But these alone are not the things of which we boast. Humor and entertainment have also made a part of our college career. I need only mention "The Janitor's Shower Bath," "The Moose Club," "The Leap Year Party and Mr. Braithwaite's Engagement," "Beans a la Feathers," "Letters from Mac," "Cragg and Protection for '18 Coeds," "Varsity Girls Nab Mac," "Who Stole First Year Eats?"—to cause endless reels of comedy to pass before the minds of all the '18 class. But though these had their value, they are not the essentials that have made our college life worth while,—rather the important events have been the changes that have taken place in our inmost selves and in our attitude toward life.

Though at times our professors may have doubted it, yet I believe we have learned to work-hard and systematically, and to make our every effort tend to the accomplishment of the desired end. Honest endeavor, not brilliant achievement is our motto and is the characteristic for which we are most noted. Gradually also have we learned to cheerfully shoulder the social responsibilities of student life; but our supreme glory has been the casting aside of our intellectual chains by contact with the brave free minds of Wesley's teaching staff. Ignorance is slavery, Knowledge is freedom. No longer will we sit at the feet of Authority, and gape in awe at its gilded words. We will dare to doubt, even the newspapers. We came to Wesley to learn the Truth: we depart still searching.

And as we scatter over the Dominion to take up our duties as men and women, as teachers, preachers, farmers, lawyers, or 'mere wives', though we may be known as "plodders", it will be as the brave, free, determined "plodders" that make our race progress; and in the spirit of confidence not conceit we fancy we hear the voice of our nation:

"Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God."

V. O. Watts, Arts '18.

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Centre Forward	Full Back	Centre Half	Centre Half	Outside Right	Inside Right
PROF. JOHNSON	V. RUST	D. RIDD	J. GEORGE	PROF. D. C. HARVEY	
President	Outside Left	Captain Inside Left	Right Half	Athletic President	
A. MILLS		R. COOPER		R. L. McRAE	
Left Half		Goal		Full Back	

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PROSPICE**Apologies to Robert Browning**

(Being the thoughts of a young man on telephoning a young lady to accompany him to the dinner)

Fear her?—to feel the frog in my throat,

The damp on my face

When the time draws near, and my heart beats fast—

I am nearing disgrace!

The night comes apace, the clock presses on,

My heart's full of woe.

There she waits, the Arch Fear in a visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:

The task must be done, and the girl must be 'phoned;

She may come at my call.

There's a battle to fight, ere the lady be gained,

The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last!

Cold words with stinging blight may greet my frenzied ears—

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers

The heroes of old.

Bear the brunt, take the sarcasm—my bitter reward,

But sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,

Oh! blankness, my heart's cold.

The black minute's at end.

She has accepted, my heart beats subside,

They dwindle, they blend,

They change, they become first a peace out of pain,

Then a light, Virgin Fair,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall ask thee again,

And will know no despair!

FOURTH YEAR
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It Pays to Attend the Best

IRENE THOMPSON

"Fashioned for Friendship."

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others. In her daily intercourse it was by little acts of watchful kindness, it was by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that Irene won the affection and esteem of all her classmates.

Scholastically she has been admired and envied, although one does not associate such a stentorian term with "Tommy" of the Parlor,—for here she is first and foremost a girl after our own hearts and secondly—a student. If history is "the essence of virtue and service," then we can understand Irene's choice of it as one of her majors, for her personality is diffused with the same essence. Her nature couples tact and sympathy with a real optimism—not of contented stagnation but of growth. Her work has always been marked by a rare degree of ability and mastery of detail. She ploughs straight and deep. She is strictly frank and conscientious without the taint of priggishness.

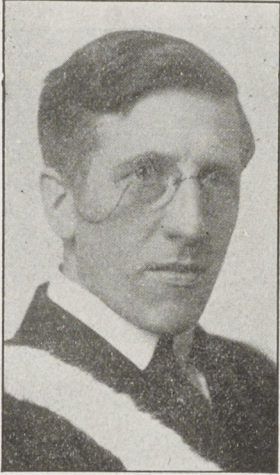


Her executive ability of no mean order was again and again requisitioned. The Literary Society, especially the famous Ladies' Lit.; the Red Cross, where she was always a devoted and earnest member; the Y.W.C.A., in which sphere she has held many offices throughout her college years; "Vox," where her keen literary ability was appreciated; debating where she proved her mettle and her ready wit,—all these owe a debt of gratitude to the one we delight to honor,—the Lady Stick of 1917-18.

"No Angel—but a dearer being."

M. M.—E. R.



GEO. E. BRAITHWAITE

George defies definition and so much the better for that. Were you skilled in unwritten language, you would know him. However "facts is facts."

He was an infant crying in the night in Sheffield, England amid the smoke of belching chimneys. At three, he toddled to school and for ten years continued quickening that preparatory pace. For eight years, he was clerk in the city corporation. In September 1911 he sailed the Pond on the 'Lake Champlain.' (All rights of publication thereof copyright.)

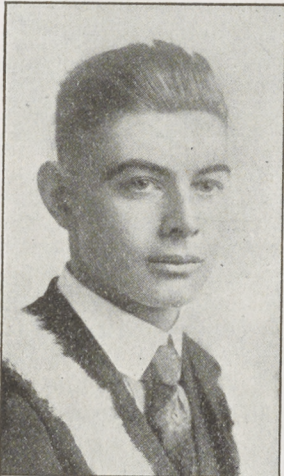
The lure of the gospel won him for Methodist itineracy and he served at Venn, Jansen, Robeby, Sask. "Grandly begin" the tremendous words of Lowell voice his college yearnings. Matric. in one year of more than eight hour days, scholarships in first and second years and debates showed his ability and tendencies. He valued time for it's the stuff of life. Only his Saturday nights and Sundays were given to matters of the heart, thereby graduating on December 27, 1917 from single life.

The world of wondrous allurements spoke a various language to him and Science has had an ardent devotee in his final years.

With an alert intelligence, a capacious memory, a love of truth and knowledge and a steady religious life, he leaves with the best wishes of many very loyal friends to find.

"Sermons in stones, tongues in the running brooks,
And good in everything."

A. R. C. '18

WILLIAM HENRY GRAY

"Who is that fair-haired young man who appears to have such an affinity for the Ladies Parlor?" "That, my friend, is William Gray."

"Bill" as he is called by the boys, but "Willie" by the girls, first made himself heard in this world in Ontario where he received his elementary education obtaining his entrance from a rural public school. At an early age, showing discretion beyond his years, he came west. From Swan River school he obtained his matriculation each year by obtaining a good standing and remaining absolutely ignorant of the nature of supplementals. In the fall of '14 he began his academic career as a Member of the 18's copping a scholarship in Greek and has since been a

loyal supporter of the college. In third year he specialized in English and Philosophy. His genial personality and friendly spirit have won for him a position of favor and esteem which is evidenced by his holding three presidencies, viz. President of Social and Literary, in which capacity he has well and ably served, (not as a waiter.) President of his class and President of the Y.M.C.A.

The best wishes of his Alma Mater follow him in his post graduate days.

V. I. '19

IRENE ISABEL CONNOLLY

Among the graduating class of 1918, there is no more winsome or lovable character than Irene. Such a sunny Irish disposition as she possesses has never failed to win her hosts of friends.

Irene is a true Westerner, receiving her entire education in Winnipeg. After attending the Somerset School and Collegiate Institute, she entered Wesley, splendidly equipped for success in college life. Not content with a French scholarship won in her sophomore year, she turned her attention to the unravelling of the mysteries of Political Economy and devoted her spare moments to an attempt to discover something in English that she did not know.

Although a splendid student during the years she has graced our College halls, Irene did not believe in "all work and no play." Work has never been allowed to interfere with the social side of College life and she always has managed to derive the maximum of pleasure from every "event."

Irene has served on numerous college executives as a Freshette, Sophomore and Junior and in these positions has shown her splendid executive ability. As a Senior she was vice-president of the '18 class, our representative in the Red Cross Society and a member of the Vox staff, which bears evidence of her popularity.

Her winning manner and lovable personality has endeared her to all her friends at Wesley.

M. M. W. '18



MARION ESTELLE DENT

Out of the East following the star of knowledge came a Wise Woman. Three gifts she brought with her—an omnivorous appetite for detail; an artist's hand and a sense of humor. The first found its natural outlet in a concentrated study of history—(sacred and profane); the second produced on canvass a row of really realistic pups, the third kept her clear-headed and clear-hearted thro' all the vicissitudes of a college existence.

More did we learn of this Wise Woman. At the age of nine months she cut her first tooth, (Marion considers this her most brilliant achievement.) While still quite young she moved her family West to Wawanesa. Some time later she entered Wesley. Marion was soon noted for her scholastic tendencies but never allowed them to push aside more important matters such as Athletics and Dramatics. She has been one of our speediest hockey players and the leading lady in our recent production "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Just to prove that a Wise Woman may also be a real girl, we will tell you secretly that Marion's real ambitions is to be a milliner,



(we have had many-touching proofs of this,) and her favorite amusement is hunting bargains.

We will greatly miss her ever willing aid at Y. W. C. A. meetings and Residence feeds. May all good luck go with you, Mandy, to your future home whether it be a teacherage, artist's studio or parsonage.

V. Y. C. '21

ANNA VERA PATRICK

"Hang up Philosophy
Unless Philosophy can make a Juliet."



It does not often fall to the lot of the biographer to biog a young lady of so versatile a nature. Pat, as head-girl at Sparling Hall has held her position admirably. It was indeed a wily culprit who escaped her eagle glance.

As Editress of Vox, Pat has made more than good. To see her Vox trotting was indeed a treat. Her honeyed accents while explaining for the nine hundred and nineteenth time why, Vox was not out 'this week' showed a nature Job might indeed envy. And ah, what a right merry wit! What a sparkle in those eyes of hers; for Pat can appreciate a humorous situation even when the joke is on herself.

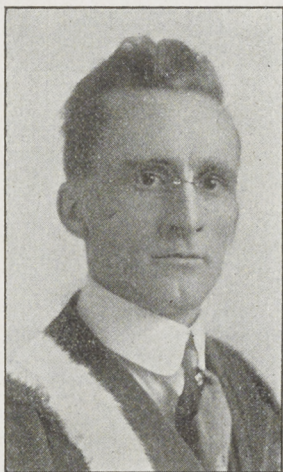
She has a keen knowledge of life, as evidenced in her advice to freshettes on 'How to be popular with the top-flat.' This work alone will make her known to all posterity. For in her college career no one has had more opportunities than Pat of studying the genus of top flat life.

Hockey, tennis swimming and sprinting are the favorite sports of this fair maiden. Hockey keeps her busy winning cups in winter-time; tennis keeps her occupied in its love (or deuce) games in summer and she holds the record for sprinting from Sparling Hall to the car-tracks—time fifteen seconds.

Her ambition in life is to be a lawyer, a school teacher, a member of parliament and a writer. Here's wishing her success in her chosen line of work although it does look like a long long trail.

M. D. '21

ALBERT RUSSELL CRAGG



Goldstone, Ontario is famous for at least one thing—it is the birthplace of the subject of this sketch, Albert Russell Cragg. Mr. Cragg laid the foundation of his education in the Eastern parts of this country, and coming to Wesley College in the Fall of 1915 he built on that foundation a splendid super structure. In him is very thoughtfully illustrated the truth of Shakespeare's words—"One man in his time plays many parts"—for he has distinguished himself on the farm, in business, in the teaching profession, and in the pulpit. He attended the Normal School in Saskatoon, and secured a First Class Certificate. The church expressed its approval of his work by granting him special ordination. Recognizing his inherent worth his fellow students at Wesley conferred upon him their highest honour by calling him to the office of Senior Stick in

1917. This position he worthily held for some months, but through pressure of other work he felt impelled to resign. Though a keen student of philosophy, Mr. Cragg has remained human. Notwithstanding the marked success which he has achieved in his college career he is one of the most modest and unassuming of men. A man of strong conviction and genial good nature he has won the affection of his fellow students, and exercises a considerable influence. That influence has always been wielded on the side of what is best.

As he leaves his Alma Mater he is followed by the hearty good wishes of those who during the last three years have marked and appreciated his sterling qualities.

E. F. M.

ROLAND LAWRENCE McCREA

"Bold of his speche and wys and wel y-taught
And of manhod him lakkede right nought."

"Mac" as he is known on the top flat is a wise man of the east, otherwise he would not have left his native haunts of Merrickville, Ont. in 1907 for the Virgin prairies of Hearne, Sask. His early schooling was received in a rural public school. Later he entered Moose Jaw Collegiate where he obtained his matriculation and first year in Arts. He joined the Wesley '18s in the fall of 1915 for his second Year Arts. He was led by his roving disposition and a desire to test the truth of the adage "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" to the University of North Dakota in his third year, specializing in Pol. Econ. and Philosophy but he returned to Wesley for his final year.

Mac has displayed prowess in the various activities of college life. He was the sole representative of fourth year on the football team and in addition he was a member of the inter-class championship debating team. But it is in the social life of the college that he has gained fame, for his modesty does not hinder him from an intimate acquaintance with the ladies' parlor.

We wish him all success in whatever sphere of life he may chose to enter.

P. I. '19.



MARGARET M. WILLOUGHBY

"We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade."

Among the famous '18 class there can be found no member who is more sincere and true than Margaret. Friendship is the key with which we may unlock the door to Margaret's soul and inmost thoughts. Her kind and retiring disposition has won for her many good friends in Wesley's halls. All who have been so fortunate as to win Margaret's friendship will be able to appreciate the true meaning of that term.



Margaret is a true native of Winnipeg. After she matriculated from St. John's Technical High School, fate induced her to seek Wesley College for the continuation of her studies. Here she joined the ranks of the "Eighteeners" and has been a most faithful and persevering student, ever responsive to the call of duty. Whenever necessity demanded she was always found ready. After Margaret had completed her Second year in Arts, she joined the army of Political Economy and English. Here she chose the rank of Major and has filled her post of duty as a true soldier.

Although Margaret has never debated in public, her interest in the subject of debating is shown by the fact that for two consecutive years she has been elected as a member of the debating society.

It has been said that appearances are often deceptive, and beneath Margaret's apparent demure manner is concealed a mirthful and jovial disposition ever ready to see the happy and pleasant phase of life.

As Margaret leaves Wesley she carries with her a shower of good wishes from all the students who read in her horoscope prosperity and success in the truest sense of the word.

I. I. C. '18

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Bert knows that life is largely what we make it: he believes in being happy. His sunny presence, sweet smile and merry laughter have brought much joy and gladness into our halls and class-rooms.

Some years ago amid the scenes of his childhood, the angel of vision appeared unto him and called him to follow. Over fields of stern duty, to plains of endless quest, through valleys wrapt in the mists and fogs of doubt, up the uninviting mountain slopes of purgatorial difficulties he has been led, but from the loftier position he is all the better able to grasp the problems of life.

In 1916 he graduated in Arts and since then has been an ardent student of the Queen of sciences. Of the great task before the church he is aware and believes a little revolution will do good.

At college he has worked on several committees and has shown much practical capacity. In church and Y. M. C. A. work he is a success. His big heart, his perseverance, his strong belief in the gospel of smiles and good deeds, his unwavering faith in the things that matter are sure indications of success in his field of activities.

VERNON O. WILLARD WATTS

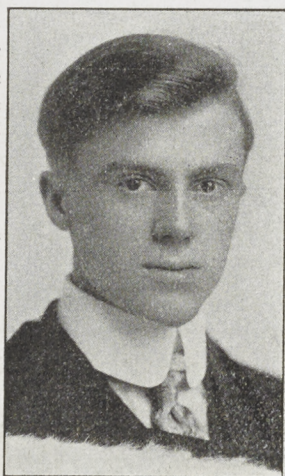
Himself, always himself, happily himself, in a time when educative influences tend to whittle down personality. To be like anyone else is malformation. To be like everyone else is actual decapitation. There is just one of his kind born and one is enough.

You can tell, as a rule, what master tutored a man. But Orval refuses to be invoiced. He has the audacity to believe something and not to swallow all things told him. he has learned the counsel "To thine ownself be true."

His fresh spirit, quiet reserve fearless frankness, alert interest, half-tacturn, half-valuable friendliness catalogue him. Withal he is such a boy. That laugh of his! that twinkle of his eye! that keen sense of the ludicrous! Charlie Chaplin has showed him life's funny side and I had hopes of many an enjoyable time with him but alas for me! and a lass for him, "A sweet angelic slip of a thing with a white brow and a spirit-small hand."

Methody parents and name, scholarships and honorable mentions all the days of his twenty years, excellent debating powers and a Future make us happy to say. You're my friend; What a thing friendship is, world without end, How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up!"

A.R.C. '18



ARTHUR F. LAVENDER

In the thrilling days of United College, Arthur F. Lavender received a hearty welcome into the matric class. Scholarships, matric and theological annual A1 standing grace his college record. As Senior Stick and President of the Probationers Society he has arduously and with distinction served his Alma Mater.

Yes, you behold a miniature bishop, for whether walking the streets, questioning in class or making after dinner speeches, the Stick suggests the ideal bishop, and unlike the stereotyped marble, the miniature refers only to the potentialities of the bishop to be. His sincere lovable magnanimous character his diffusing wit scattering the sanctimonious, his appreciation of the human engulfs the bishop and the genial

friend emerges.

His manly qualities, his strenuous labour, his genial kindliness and ever ready humour are qualities destined to place him high in the church of the future.

J. W.

**J. T. WOTTON**

J. T. Wotton, like many other of our Western preachers, is an Englishman. He was born at Saltburn, Yorkshire in A. D. —? At the age of twelve, he came to Canada with his parents, and until six years ago he was actively engaged in farming. But while following the "common round and daily task" he heard the call of God, to the great work of the Christian ministry. In this capacity he has rendered faithful service at Miniota and Shoal Lake. Thence to Wesley College, where his career has been marked by steady industry and success. Though he has rarely taken active part in college life, yet his consistency of character, his cheery personality and his warm sympathetic nature have inspired confidence and respect.

We predict for him, a ministry crowned with success because he is one of those whose motto is "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

W. T. B.



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